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FROM BEGINNING
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ADMIRAL BLAKE.

(August 7th, 1657.)

The sixth it was of August, as we
opened Lizard Bay,
Our Admiral called his Captains where
he lay;
And, "Sirs," says he, "the end is come;
I'll sail the seas no more;
Yet I pray the Lord to grant me die on
shore."

Bear away.

Eleven ships we were, from up the
Straits and from Sallee,
All very foul with being long at sea
And our winter's block of Cadiz; aye,
we sighed for our recall,
And he, a twelvemonth sick, beyond
us all.

Bear away.

'Twas not a score of weeks agone, in
Santa Cruz her bay,
We sank the Spanish galleons where
they lay:
All the treasure-ships of Spain, they
are fired or run ashore,
—But our Admiral shall hear a gun
no more.

Bear away.

"I am like to pass before we make
the Downs, methinks," he said.
"Let my course be laid for land ere
I be sped.
... Give ye God-speed... and see
ye put his Highness in a mind
To have a care for them we left be-
hind."

Bear away.

So the "George" stood in for Devon,
and red came up the day
While she held, with heeling decks,
upon her way.
As we cracked on sail for Plymouth,
so we sought the Lord the more
That He would grant our Admiral die
on shore.

Bear away.

And as Blake lay in his cabin, 'twixt
the Mewstone and the Rame,
He remembered not his victories nor
his fame;
Not Tromp nor Teneriffe, not the
Dutchman nor the Don,

The Spectator.

But the pleasant English land . . . to
die upon.*Bear away.*

Y' had thought the Lord had hearkened
us, so lusty did we pray,
While our ship from off her forefoot
tossed the spray;
And with every stitch a-drawing, at
seven knots or more,
We came in press of sail to Plymouth
shore.

*Bear away.*Though he drove, at the Canaries,
through Don Diego's battery
smoke,

Though on Plymouth Hoe was
naught but cheering folk,
Though he saw his own West-coun-
try, yet he might not have his
boon
—For our Admiral's flag was struck
... an hour too soon.

Bear away.

Much pomp there was and stateliness
upon his funeral day,
Guns a-firing from the Tower all the
way;
Up the river then to Westminster, with
many barges more,
As he led the line in fight, he went
before.

Bear away.

Yet better liked it seamen had he
fared less solemnly,
And been buried in his hammock out
at sea;
Since the Lord He could not grant
that valiant soul his last demand
He had best 'a' kept his body too
from land.

Bear away.

For ye shall seek his honored tomb in
the Abbey many a day:
Ask royal Charles where he hath flung
that clay!
—Aye, mark it, messmates, when ye
think to come and die ashore,
Ye be certain of a grave on land no
more. . . .

Bear away.

D. K. Broster.

SHAKESPEARE AND THE MODERN GERMAN STAGE.

L

" . . . this blind subjection of art to the power of gold is its own destruction. Melpomene and Thalia should not imperceptibly and gradually be transformed into Phryne who goes a-chattering with her charms."

"The old argument," the English actor-manager will say, with a shrug of his shoulders. "I know all about that," will be the reflection of the English playgoer, "but I don't think I should care for X. as Macbeth"; and he will telephone for a box for the 500th performance of "The Merry Widow." Yet this argument is not quoted from a treatise on the decadence of our English stage, however appropriate it may sound, but from an introductory note to a German translation of Mr. Sidney Lee's scholarly essay on "Shakespeare and the Modern Stage" which recently appeared in the Berlin *Kreuz-Zeitung*. We are so accustomed to having the German representation of Shakespeare held up to our theatre as a model that, as is our English way where foreign affairs are concerned, we accept the judgment of the few for the verdict of all, without looking closer into the bases for such an assumption or into the actual conditions on both sides.

It would be idle to attempt to deny that Shakespeare has come into his own in Germany, so that our great Englishman fulfills his purpose—since a dramatist cannot achieve his aim until his plays are represented—in a wider measure on foreign soil than in the land of his birth. It is true that the artistic taste and piety with which Shakespeare is approached by the German stage should make us not only reflect, but act—in both senses of the word. Yet one must not lose sight of the fact that the conditions of the

stage in the two countries are widely different. As the decadence of our stage lies not so much with the players as with the public, so here, too, Shakespeare's popularity in the land of his adoption is explained by the higher artistic demands of the German playgoer in respect of the theatrical fare set before him.

Generally speaking, the key to the situation is the National Theatre. The various Royal or municipal theatres with which the German Empire is so liberally provided, can, with their ample subsidies, easily afford to keep Shakespeare in regular rotation on their repertoire, and, moreover, cast adequately those minor Shakespearean characters which our actor-managers, with one eye on their own prominence and the other on their pockets, so grievously neglect. With an enormous free list, which in the larger cities and *Residenzstaedte* includes nightly the officers' corps of the different regiments of the garrisons, the ministries and the friends of the considerable permanent staff (management, actors and stage hands), there is no difficulty about filling the great subsidized theatres and giving the English visitor a deep impression of the intellectual culture of the German playgoer.

For the purpose of a comparison between the English and German Shakespeare, then, the subsidized theatres must be temporarily eliminated from the discussion. As a matter of fact, the citing of the repertoire of any State theatre as an indication of the popularity of a dramatic author is misleading. As an instance of the truth of my contention I would cite the Prussian Royal theatres, which stand under the immediate control of the Emperor. The Assyrian ballet "Saranapalus," in which the German Em-

peror took an absorbing personal interest, and which cost an enormous sum to produce, was received in dead silence at the *première*, yet is still occasionally performed. The same is true of much of the verbose rubbish which the annual "Festspiele" at Wiesbaden, and gala performances on national anniversaries in Berlin, produce in the guise of patriotic drama.

Let us turn, therefore, to a more reliable source, the independent theatres. Here the popularity of Shakespeare strikes home at once. Last autumn—the principal German theatrical season is from September to Christmas—those ingenious advertisement pillars, which stand at the street corners in every German city and give the names of the plays and players at the theatres, offered a wonderful object-lesson to the English playgoer visiting Berlin. For there on several evenings throughout the winter he might read with amazement and incredulity that no less than *five* of Shakespeare's plays were being given in Berlin and suburbs simultaneously, compared with *none* in London. There was one or other of the Shakespeare repertoire at the Theatre Royal, "King Lear" at the Deutsches Theatre, "Julius Cæsar" at the Neues Schauspielhaus and the Schiller Theatre (Nord), and "The Taming of the Shrew" at the Schiller Theatre (Charlottenburg)! That means that four independent theatres find it a sound commercial undertaking to keep Shakespeare on their regular repertoire, verily a most convincing proof of the German playgoer's fidelity to the Bard.

Germany's educational system holds the secret of the Teutonic love for Shakespeare. The "Deutsche Shakespeare Gesellschaft," with its essay competitions and regular Shakespeare birthday celebrations, and the dozens of performances of the poet's plays given nightly in theatres throughout

the Empire, would undoubtedly serve to keep the flame of the Shakespeare cult brightly burning, supposing it showed any tendency to flicker and expire. Of that, however, there is no fear. For the love of Shakespeare is planted in the bosom of the young German at his splendid *Gymnasien* and *Realschulen*, which impress our Shakespeare into service as literary aid to assist in the formation of the young mind as much for the Bard's reasoned outlook on life and his sane, sweet philosophy as for the beauty of his thought or the glory of his language.

Not so the English way with boys. There are "exams" to be passed, and Theobald and the First Folio are of more immediate importance to the examiners, and consequently to the crammers, than any "impracticable" musings on Shakespeare's world, that Utopia into which his divine humor and inspired passion transformed a universe humdrum three centuries ago as it is humdrum to-day. In Germany, theatre and school can work hand in hand in the task of popularizing Shakespeare. His plays are always on the repertoire, and the German boy, whom the system has taught to reason with himself about the play he is reading in class, can, and does, go to see Shakespeare with a mind open to consider the play in question as unfolded in all its beauty by the theatre, to weigh his impressions, and to correct or confirm his original judgment.

Yet the old order is changing, and the appetite for Shakespeare in the German playgoer, whetted early, although it still survives, has to be promoted by artificial means. It is quite wrong to suppose that Shakespeare holds his own on the modern German stage by the sole fascination of his muse. The German stage-manager, while forced by the high literary standard of public opinion to approach

the Bard with all piety, does not hold magnificent staging and the employment of every art of modern stage-craft to be incompatible with a serious presentation of the master's works. And if the practice of animating our own decadent stage to a larger appreciation of the national treasure which the Swan of Avon has left it has fostered the belief that the Shakespeare of the German stage most nearly corresponds to that of "The Lord Chamberlayne hys Servantes," it is well to contradict this legend most emphatically in this place.

II.

Audi et alteram partem. So general has become the tendency of the modern German stage to present Shakespeare with the same degree of historical accuracy and lavish display in the mounting that a strong movement is on foot to revert to simple conditions, not perhaps to the primitive simplicity of the Elizabethan stage, but at least the conditions which will prevent the stage-manager's art from being regarded as the indispensable aid of the actor.

In the introductory note to Mr. Sidney Lee's essay, referred to at the opening of this article, the translator, Herr Jocza Savits, known in Germany as the initiator of the Shakespeare *Reformbühne* at Munich, and as one of the most untiring champions of the "ideal stage," says: "Mr. Sidney Lee remarks that in Berlin, Vienna, and in all the chief German-speaking towns of Europe Shakespeare's plays are produced constantly and in all their variety, for the most part, in conditions which are directly antithetical to those prevailing in the West-End theatres of London. This can only refer to representations of Shakespeare's works on the German stage which took place long before 1900. Because for a considerable time leading and prominent

theatres in Berlin and Vienna, as well as in other cities—one might almost say, throughout Germany—with the exception of the former *Shakespeare-Bühne* at Munich, have become converted to principles of staging which Mr. Sidney Lee energetically combats. Indeed, it may be said of recent years, and approximately during the past decades, that Shakespeare is mounted in Vienna and Berlin, and also in other cities theatrically prominent, absolutely after the pattern of the London West-End theatres—that is to say, with every device of the most lavish and expensive scenery. It may be admitted that on the German stage it is done with intelligence and taste; nay, frequently with exquisite ingenuity. Yet these attributes cannot rectify what to my mind is a wrong system. It is therefore to be joyfully acclaimed that, for all this, the German stage is beginning to show signs of a new movement favorable to the reform and simplification of scenery."

It will be noted that the German critic does not even except, like the writer, the subsidized theatres from his charges. But these houses, besides occupying, as has been shown, a different plane from the independent theatres, do not, for all the richness and display of their stage settings, take liberties with Shakespeare. The other theatres are becoming increasingly prone to take their lead from the Deutsches Theatre in Berlin, against which the charge of tampering with Shakespeare can be sustained with equal justice, to my mind, as against our English stage.

We are continually being told that the difference between the German and the English theatre-goer is that the former goes to the play for his instruction, the latter for his amusement. It is doubtful whether this axiom applies with as much force as

formerly as far as the Teuton is concerned.

The modern German resembles his country in so far that he is a creature in being. The state of flux in which he lives extends also to his relations with the theatre. Formerly, it is true, he went to the play in a spirit somewhat approximating to that of the ancient Greeks, seeking pabulum for his intellect, matter to reason and ponder over in his logical German mind. Yet German theatrical tradition says nothing of his being content to forego the aid of stagecraft to complete the illusion of the theatre. The introduction of Shakespeare to the German stage, indeed, occurred at a moment when the development of scenic magnificence was at its height. (One excepts the visit to Germany in Shakespeare's day of those English players who passed across the stage of history for a moment to be lost for ever in the "wings" of time.)

Dr. Georg Altman, of the Mannheim Court Theatre, says: "Even at the end of the seventeenth century the theatre was lavish of its scenic wonders, and tried to be a greater stage-setter than Mother Nature herself: nixies and devils, indeed the whole heavens and the jaws of Hell, soared across the stage, and when a prince deigned to occupy a box an eagle would fly down from the proscenium and present him with a programme (without advertisements!)."

Although modern dramatic art was in its infancy, scenic art in opera had been brought to Germany a hundred years before Friedrich Ludwig Schröder's versions introduced Shakespeare to the German playgoer. The Hamburg Opera House, which was the scene of those scenic marvels described by Dr. Georg Altman, and which had enjoyed, as such, a wide reputation for decades, was the first permanent theatre to be erected in

Germany, and was Shakespeare's dramatic cradle. Schröder's acting editions of Shakespeare were doubtless hewn to taste, to lend themselves as much to the prevailing love of scenic display as to suit the primitive dramatic demands of the contemporary theatre audience.

Although the writings of Schlegel and Lessing were able soon after this to bring public opinion round to a correct appreciation of the English dramatist's works, they were never able to enforce the adoption of Elizabethan stage conditions. And that the aid of scenery and stage-craft to heighten the illusion was congenial to German sentiment was overwhelmingly proved a century later by the rapturous acclamation of the famous Meining players, who presented Shakespeare with a perfection of acting, scenery and stage management which the world had never seen, and who, in their subsequent triumphal tour of the chief European capitals, left their mark wherever they appeared. Their influence is traceable, more or less, in every Shakespeare production of the present day, and is particularly noticeable at the Berlin Theatre Royal. For it was but yesterday that Ludwig Barnay, the memorable Mark Antony of the Meiningers, resigned the reins of management at the *Königliches Schauspielhaus*, and Paul Lindau, erstwhile stage manager of the troupe and Duke George's faithful aide, is at present the *Dramaturg*, and a very active one, for all his years.

III.

"Was ist der deutsche Rhein?" asks the song, and "What is the German Shakespeare?" is a question which the above reflections may prompt. Allow an English playgoer, who loves our English Shakespeare, and who has the interests of our English stage truly at heart, to reply that the German

Shakespeare is what its name implies: a German adaptation of the English poet, very pious, very intelligent, very artistic, but standing to the spirit of the Master not even as close as the sterling German translation stands to the English text.

A Shakespeare play in German is the highest tribute to Shakespeare's greatness which the stage has probably ever paid. In the presence of these German figures one realizes, perhaps for the first time, that Shakespeare created, not characters or types, but human beings, who, though denuded of their nationality, preserve their personality intact, and offer the same opportunities to the good actor to excel and to the bad actor to fail as the parts do on their native stage.

Shakespeare came to the Germans, to quote their own pregnant phrase, "ein unbeschriebenes Blatt." They had not the English theatrical tradition, verbal and written, to go upon; they knew nothing of the requirements of the "platform stage" for which the dramatist wrote, and accordingly they set about the interpretation of this dramatic meteor in their own thorough German way. The critiques of Mr. Beerbohm Tree's performances of Shakespeare in Berlin made fascinating reading, for there we had, in black and white, the full confession of the principles which guide the presentation of Shakespeare on the German stage.

The declamatory style of the English Shakespearean actor appeared forced and stilted to them, wotting nothing of the acting conditions of the Elizabethan stage, when the actor spoke his lines to the semi-circle of a horseshoe auditorium. Such interpolated scenes as the return of Antony in "Antony and Cleopatra," or the game of bowls in "Richard II." shocked the German critics as much as they do our English Shakespeare

orthodoxy, and the incidental music played from in front of the stage irritated them furiously. In "Twelfth Night" they voted Malvolio and his tormentors too grotesque, their humor too restrained and quiet. For the German Andrew Aguecheeks, Toby Belches and Festes roar and bang through their parts, and thus throw the delicate comedy of the Malvolio scenes out of all perspective. Such criticism as this makes one wonder what manner of strange incongruity Shakespeare's masque became when garnished with the nixies and devils of the Hamburg Opera House.

The fact is simply that the German accepts Shakespeare as a German poet, and acts his plays unhampered by tradition other than that of the stage "business." The speeches are treated almost purely as dialogue, with the result that, while the dramatic effect is enhanced, the beauty of the language is very often missed. Take, as an instance, the opening scene of "Hamlet." In the production of the tragedy at the Berlin Theatre Royal the most is made of the dramatic conditions in which the ghost appears. One sees the snow-covered ramparts looking over a fitful, moaning sea, which, with its bold sweep of skyline, somehow, perhaps intentionally, suggests the Lange Linie along the harbor at Copenhagen. A tower, a huge amorphous mass, stands out black against the star-lit firmament, with a twinkling eye of light denoting the castle hall where Claudius keeps wassail. All is cold, silent and melancholy, like a presage of the tragedy to be enacted. The guards and Horatio converse in hoarse, hurried whispers, which are interrupted by the apparition of the dead king. The eloquence of Horatio's speeches goes by the board, but the horror of the situation is increased.

Following out this idea, the Ger-

mans pay what to us would appear an exaggerated, almost laughable, attention to the historical accuracy of costumes and staging. One does not ask that Hamlet should be played, as Garrick played the *rôle*, in Court dress, but the other extreme should also be avoided. In "Hamlet" at the Berlin Theatre Royal the scenery is almost barbaric in its splendor. Roman architecture, gaudy arras, huge oaken furniture, and stone or bare wood floors seem to suggest that the property-master has gone back to the era of Charlemagne for his inspiration. Arthur Vollmer, the Theatre Royal's truly excellent comedian, gives as Polonius a perfect study of a cringing courtier, subtle, hypocritical, yielding, with a make-up resembling Richelieu. It is a gem of impersonation, but I doubt whether it is Polonius. Again, in "Twelfth Night" the same comedian's Malvolio is a pale-faced, sad-looking wight, a kind of Shakespearean Chadbond, the interpretation probably being based on somebody's rather far-fetched theory that in "Twelfth Night" Master Will was having a dig at the Puritans, who were just coming into notoriety in his day. And in connection with the same play it is comical to find a German critic gravely chiding Olivia for not being sufficiently "southern" in temperament, on the ground that the scene of the play is laid in Illyria! As well impeach Dogberry for not dancing tarantellas as beseems a Sicilian constable! In the Kaiser's "Sardanapalus" Assyrian soldiers prance gravely down the stage in faultless "Paradeschritt"; one can equally well imagine the archers in "König Heinrich der Fünfte" storming the breach in the goose-step.

No less an authority than Sir Charles Wyndham has expressed the opinion, on re-visiting the Berlin theatres after the lapse of a score of years, that the Germans are still the

finest character actors in the world, but cannot play ladies and gentlemen. The truth of this dictum is naturally most apparent in modern comedy, but Shakespeare also affords valuable opportunities for corroborating its exactness. His plays, of course, contain the standard *rôles* of the character actor, and one of the chief attractions of witnessing Shakespeare in German is the masterly use the character actors make of their chances and the infinite variety of studies which such *rôles* as Malvolio, Polonius, Autolycus, or Falstaff give scope to. Mr. Tree, who is as successful in character parts as he is a failure in heroic *rôles*, was thus signally ill-advised in drawing wholly on Shakespeare for the repertoire of his Berlin visit. The German playgoer is spoilt for character parts, and the enthusiastic appreciation of the distinguished appearance and manners of the English *jeunes premiers* of Mr. Tree's troupe showed that the Germans are conscious of the shortcomings of their native actors in this regard.

In the representation of female *rôles*, the modern German stage is equally unlucky. I am not referring to the great tragic characters like Lady Macbeth, but to those sweet women, the Portias, the Beatrices, the Rosalinds, in the portrayal of whom our Shakespeare is at his best. The German actress is apt to have a heavy touch, and it is the fate of many of Shakespeare's most deftly drawn female characters to pale into insignificance before the bright light of the character *rôles* in such comedies as "Twelfth Night" or "A Midsummer Night's Dream." When a German critic writing of "Twelfth Night," says: "I must confess that, despite the lyrics of the language, these Illyrian lovers interest me as little as the lovers in the 'Midsummer Night's Dream,'" he is undoubtedly expressing the verdict

of the large majority of German theatre-goers. Yet it is interesting to note that the brilliant success in Berlin of a young English actress of Mr. Tree's company, Miss Alice Crawford, was based on her interpretation of the not particularly grateful rôle of Olivia in "Twelfth Night." For her stately dignity *de grande dame*, her intelligent exposition of Shakespeare's lines and her sympathetic acting lifted the part, in a manner that was a revelation to the German audiences, far above its status of *foil* to Malvolio's antics, to which in Germany it is habitually relegated.

It is in the *ensemble*, however, that the German Shakespeare impresses. Those minor parts in which, as Mr. Sidney Lee says, the highest abilities of the actor and actress can find scope for employment are, save for the shortcomings to which allusion has just been made, worthily and carefully filled, with the result that the play in its entirety is brought to a harmonious pitch of excellence.

IV.

Reference has been made to the Deutsches Theater in Berlin and it is with a glance at the influence which this pioneer of the modern German stage is having on the presentation of Shakespeare in Germany that these remarks may be brought to a close.

The Deutsches Theater is under the direction of Herr Max Reinhardt, an enterprising young manager, who, chiefly owing to the daring originality of his ideas on staging, has within a period of five years become the most-talked-of theatrical manager in Germany and Austria. He has just been distinguished by the commission to superintend the *Festspiele* of the *Künstlertheater* at Munich next summer. In its Shakespeare productions the Deutsches Theater is the worst offender against the theories of Herr

Joeza Savits. Max Reinhardt believes in utilizing every device which his own original artistic mentality and the progress of modern stage-craft can combine to produce, for heightening the dramatic illusion in the presentation of Shakespeare. He introduced the turn-table stage to the German theatre, a device by which, while one segment of the movable stage is presented to the audience, scenes can be set on the other six, the circular table being divided into seven. His staging of Shakespeare reveals, however—and in this the Shakespeare archaists will find consolation—the modernizing process which has been going on in his mind. Although but a few years lie between the Deutsches Theater version of "A Midsummer Night's Dream" and the production of "King Lear" there the other day, all the vista of time between the Hamburg Opera House and the Gordon Craig "ideal stage" separates the two productions in respect of staging.

The first Shakespeare "Neueinstudierung" at the Deutsches Theater, "A Midsummer Night's Dream," with fairies and elves and fireflies and dancing *à la* His Majesty's Theatre, was a brilliant success. It was conventional, discreet, and extremely popular, and advertised itself conveniently by the discussion which this innovation aroused in Shakespeare circles in Germany. "The Merchant of Venice" followed, and a new Shylock, conceived on Sir Henry Irving's study of the character, raised the production above the *niveau* of its predecessor or of its successors up to now. The scenery was beautiful in the extreme, with Venetian canals and bridges and effects of sunlight and sea. The Portia was execrable.

"Romeo and Juliet" followed, but it was not until he staged "A Winter's Tale" that Max Reinhardt became

really original. In a fit of daring he abandoned scenery and relied, for the indoor scenes at least, on curtains of different hues, harmonizing with the costumes of the actors, and toned, one might think, to the mood of the act. Leontes' palace was represented by a stage almost bare of furniture, with a background of immensely long plush curtains of a neutral shade—a gray tone, as far as I remember—which, when parted for the entry of an actor, afforded a glimpse of green trees and a blue sea. The outdoor scene, with the shepherds' revels, was rigorously simple, green hills and bosky slopes, with a yellow church steeple on the horizon. The acting was careful and generally satisfactory, and the whole production was so eminently artistic as to reconcile the mind to the departure from Shakespearean tradition. The interest aroused by Mr. Tree's production of "Hamlet" without scenery here a few months later showed what a sympathetic impression the Deutsches Theater experiment had made.

Yet in his next production, "Twelfth Night," Max Reinhardt went back to the old groove. The Deutsches Theater had already exposed itself to all the charges which are brought against the Shakespeare of our English stage, but, as if to eclipse its other achievements, it staged Shakespeare's masque in a way which simply challenged criticism. The whimsicality of the comedy fired the director's imagination; he saw his chance, and, as the saying goes, seized it with both hands. The Schlegel and Tieck text was no longer good enough for this modernist; he had his own version prepared by an unknown author, got Engelbert Humperdinck, the composer of "Hänsel und Gretel," to write some of his dainty incidental music, and finally, as an indication of his mental attitude towards the play, Herr Reinhardt at-

tached to the customary German title of "Was Ihr Wollt" the sub-title of "Fastnacht"—Carnival.

As far as the staging was concerned, the whole production was strongly under the influence of the version given by His Majesty's Theatre during Mr. Tree's visit here. The Elizabethan garden scene, for instance, with its terraces of box and yew, was directly copied, as was the Kitchen scene, where the revellers sing their merry catch. But it was just this similarity which emphasized the inartisticness of so much of our English Shakespeare. Like Mr. Tree, Herr Reinhardt took as his theme the opening line of the play:

"If music be the food of love, play on," and ran a strain of lilting melody though the play. But, recognizing the crass inappropriateness of having "incidental music" blared out by an orchestra in booted shirt-fronts before the footlights, he put his musicians in costumes on the stage for those scenes in which Shakespeare prescribes music to be played. In an angle of the apartment of the duke's palace, where the play opens, stood the love-sick prince's musicians, in sober Puritan-like costumes with broad linen collars. With backs to the audience they occupied a corner, a picturesque group from some old picture, and when Sebastian called for "that strain again" the plaintive melody went forth in modulated tones. The clown did not sing his philosophic ditties to the accompaniment of an orchestra, nor advance to the footlights, hat in hand, to acknowledge applause and to give his encore. This Feste, a world-weary, melancholy fellow—an original reading of the part, by the way, which, to my mind, is altogether misleading—crooned his songs to his own accompaniment on the lute, and, had his German bearers been misguided enough to interrupt the action of the

play for an encore, would certainly not have been allowed by the management to concede it.

Although the German critics had no words strong enough to denounce Mr. Tree for the interpolation of scenes into Shakespeare, they applauded this *enfant terrible* of the Deutsches Theater for an idea far more daring than has probably ever been seen in Shakespeare on the English stage. For, following out his interpretation of the play as a carnival jest, Max Reinhardt, with the aid of his trusty ally, the "Drehbühne," made the comedy a long, mad, whirling, uninterrupted whole. As the last words of the scene were spoken the stage was darkened, a screen of gauze was let down over the proscenium opening, and a silvery rattle of bells, such as a jester carries, was heard. The actors, in the dim gloom, were discerned leaving the stage, which moved round, so that one could see them following out the course of the play. We saw the streets of Illyria with a merry throng of revellers, a passing glimpse of yellow houses and red roofs, of bobbing lights and whirling dancers. We saw Malvolio in his bed-chamber, preening himself before a mirror in all the glory of his yellow stockings and cross garters; and we saw Sebastian and his Viola, united at last, locked in a lovers' embrace. There was only one pause between the acts—the theatre's

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acknowledgment of the needs of the German playgoer to fortify himself with beer and *Brödchen* in the foyer—but otherwise the play went with a swirl and a swish from start to finish, and to me and to the thousands of Germans who subsequently crowded to the Deutsches Theater to see this great Shakespearean success it was an evening of undiluted artistic enjoyment.

Whether they clothe their Shakespeare with a maximum or minimum of scenery, the Germans always contrive to devote to his plays a maximum of art. The English stage has capable actors and actresses enough to standardize the stage representation of Shakespeare and make the home of the poet the centre to which all the world will come to see its greatest dramatist finding expression in the tongue in which he wrote. As the conditions of the English stage now stand, there would seem to be little prospect of a change other than through the medium of an endowed theatre. Those who have seen the German Shakespeare cannot be in any doubt as to the fitness of perpetuating the memory of our great poet on the three-hundredth anniversary of his death by the establishment of a National Theatre, which, by raising the level of English dramatic taste, would bring our Shakespeare into his own again.

Eulenspiegel.

A DAY IN A GAME RESERVE.

The rising sun is gleaming golden through the dark-green foliage of the wild fig-trees down by the water, as, our matutinal coffee partaken of, and the first, and best, pipe of the day in full progress, we stroll out beyond the huts of Malahana's little village.

Half a mile away, where the bush-

bordered spruit admits here and there of easy access to its shady pools, may be seen the long lines of game slowly filing from the drinking-places, ever and anon pausing to crop the grass, as they make their leisurely way towards their favorite day quarters. Blue wildebeeste for the most part, their

great heads and shaggy forequarters lending to them an appearance of rugged ferocity quite undeserved. Only a little way beyond, though barely distinguishable 'mid the closely growing tree trunks, a small party of stately giraffes—creatures but too seldom seen in these latter days—is evidently on its way back towards more familiar haunts, where the "kameel dorn" grows thickly under the distant Lebombo Hills.

I confess to a weakness for Malahana's. Of all the numberless animal parades hidden away 'mid the bush-clad plains of the North-Eastern Transvaal, I think this tiny hamlet, snugly tucked between two little sister streams, or rather chains of pools, affords the student of nature and lover of wild creatures the most pure enjoyment. All around, the country is but slightly undulating, and, while sufficiently well timbered to offer concealment to the observer, is nowhere so obstructed by bush as to thwart the eye in its efforts to absorb such details of forest life, or little episodes thereof, as may be taking place within a reasonable distance. Each morning the empty "forms" of wildebeeste and of water-buck, of sable and of zebra, not to speak of reedbuck, duiker, and steenbuck, are to be seen but lately vacated, within a hundred yards of the huts, for the game laws are respected, and the animals come close up after dark, having discovered that they are safer here than elsewhere from the prowling beasts of the night, which for their part, stimulated perhaps by unpleasant memories associated with the vicinity of human beings, give the place a wide berth.

Just now it is the Low Country winter: that delightful time of year, alas! but too brief, when to each day is given a glory of bright blue sky, with never a cloud to sully its purity, and a sun, dazzling perhaps in its gen-

erous ardor, but at no time oppressive. The nights, too, have just that slight suggestion of frost which makes the blankets a pleasant refuge after the day's hard work; while the morning air is impregnated with a crisp freshness, invigorating, conducive to brisk action, in fact altogether delightful.

Pleasant as it is to stand here watching the march past of troop upon troop of animals, it is nevertheless time to mount and be off on the morning patrol, before the sun's rays shall have gained strength and the herds have sought shelter in the cool shade of the thicker coverts, wherein later they will stand motionless, only betrayed by an occasional flicker of tail or tossing of head.

While we ponder as to the most suitable direction to take, we become conscious of a human figure coming up the path to the village. A typical young native of these parts, clad in shirt and waistcloth, airily swinging a couple of sticks as he walks along with springy gait, his bare feet making no sound on the dust-covered path. It is, in fact, M'ndosa the son of Iduma, who lives some six or eight miles away, and must have been afoot early this morning. Having saluted the white man, and greeted his various acquaintances with a limp handshake, the newcomer squats down, and little bits of local news are exchanged. Nothing is too small to be omitted; nothing is forgotten; it is, in fact, through the medium of these casual kraal-to-kraal visitors that intelligence of current events spreads over the length and breadth of a country with a rapidity often puzzling and disconcerting to the European. . . . Yes, his father's second wife is recovered of the pains in her head, but on the other hand Nzipo's youngest child is suffering from a strange malady, and Nzipo has therefore borrowed £2 wherewith to pay a noted doctor in

Portuguese territory, whom he proposes to consult as to the identity of the author of the sickness, which obviously is the result of witchcraft. And so on, and so forth. The voices drone away in an indistinguishable monotone. Then just as we are turning to give orders to saddle up, we are confronted by Jafuta with the new arrival in tow. "Inkosi, this lad says as he was coming along the road he noticed vultures hovering about, a little way on the right,—he did not go to the place to look."

Of course this little bit of information has been kept until the very end—possibly, indeed, but for the presence of our own people it might never have been imparted to us at all, and after our departure a little band would have sallied forth to seek the inevitable carcass, which, if found to have the smallest picking of flesh left upon it, would have been triumphantly borne homewards, to be consigned to the cooking-pots without delay.

The sight of vultures hovering over a place, or perched on trees around one particular spot, always conjures up possibilities. It is, first, obviously indicative of the fact that there is a kill in the vicinity, and secondly, shows that the birds are afraid to go down to it on account of the presence of the animal responsible for the deed; so that if an approach is made with all due caution and consideration for the wind, there is quite a sporting chance of getting well up to a pair of cheetahs or three or four lions slumbering peacefully after a heavy meal. The leopard, most cunning of all the great cats, is not to be caught thus easily; lucky indeed is the hunter who can surprise him at a kill and get a shot at him into the bargain.

In the present case hope runs high. Lions were heard last night somewhere in the indicated direction, albeit far away; the wind, moreover, is

just right for us, travelling as we shall be.

And so we mount our trusty old "salted" pony, and move off at leisurely pace along the narrow track: there is no need for violent hurry; whichever species of the tribe feline our carnivore belongs to, where he lies now there he will remain till dusk. As we ride along a watchful eye is kept for fresh spoor, that we may know what predatory lovers of darkness have been abroad since last the sun set. Here of course has passed the ubiquitous hyena on his accustomed beat, the same, no doubt, whose melancholy and long-drawn howl insinuated itself upon our slumbers during the still watches of the past night. Here a couple of jackals have lightly trodden, while there on the right of the path the feathers of a bush-pheasant indicate that a genet has been at work. The dry dust of the footpath shows up recent impressions quite distinctly; that is to say, where our friend M'ndosa—who, did he wear such things, would take about size twelve in boots, one would imagine—has not obliterated them as he came along an hour ago. Bird life is still busy seeking the proverbial worm, and the pony shies slightly as a covey of Shelley francolin rise almost under his feet.

On our left the ground falls away a little to a bush-clad donga some hundred yards distant; while on the right it rises gently to a nearly bare ridge a quarter of a mile away. Something is going on. The donga aforesaid forms, it would seem, the boundary-line betwixt the grazing grounds of two separate herds of wildebeeste, and a little play is in progress, apparently now at the second act. The herd which by all the rules of tradition and custom should have remained upon the farther side of the donga must have, in pursuit of some more than usually tempt-

ing herbage, been wrongfully and unlawfully trespassing upon their neighbors' land. The latter, some twenty in number, appear outlined in full view on the crest of the rise, interestedly watching proceedings, the while their champion, a fine old bull, descends to protect their rights. The intruders, however, evidently conscious that their case is a bad one, are in no mood to join battle, nor does any warrior step from their ranks snorting answering defiance. In fact, as the challenger approaches at ever increasing pace, with boldly flourished tail and many a provocative caper and leap, the whole ignominiously turn and make best pace for their own territory. Just for a moment, indeed, one bull takes heart of grace, and looks like showing fight, but, the enemy within ten paces, evidently assumes discretion to be the better part of valor, and comes tearing after his fellows. For our own part, so soon as we took in the situation we drew rein behind a convenient bush, which offered adequate concealment while allowing of an uninterrupted view of the proceedings. The animals, too much taken up with their own affairs to be suspicious, thunder across our path some fifty yards ahead in a medley of swishing tails and tossing manes; two or three of last season's calves, full of the impetuosity of youth, anon dashing in front of their elders in sheer exuberance of spirits, obviously permeated with the idea that the stampede has been arranged for their express amusement and benefit. Close behind the last fugitive comes the defender of vested interests, menacing and dour, his head lowered, his eyes **flashing** with the fire of resentment and righteous wrath. Another moment and all have disappeared from sight in the donga. A minute or two of quiet ensues, and we are just preparing to move on our

way when from out of the dip slowly emerges our friend the old bull, now, the trespassers duly warned off, if not chastised, leisurely strolling back. Engrossed in his own thoughts, and no doubt full of self-congratulation, he never so much as glances in our direction, but tranquilly makes his way up the hill to the spot where his friends await him, and soon the whole are lost to view over the brow.

Topping the next rise, M'ndosa points to our left front, where, far off, a mere speck in the blue, a vulture can be seen slowly wheeling. Gradually he sinks to a point rather less than a mile away where, in the hollow, we know that there runs a small spruit, the same in fact by which lower down the village stands. Undoubtedly that must be our goal; and accordingly we leave the path and strike away across country right into the eye of the light north-westerly breeze. The grass hereabouts has been recently burned, and in places the black and gray ash still lies upon the surface of the ground, rising in choking clouds of fine dust as our passage stirs it up. Here and there a patch of rank herbage has resisted the attentions of the flames, and thereto may be seen scurrying for shelter the wary bush pheasants, marvellous runners relying so much upon swiftness of foot that it is only as a last resort they take to the wing, and are anathema for that reason to the sportsman. These grassy refuges 'mid the sea of burnt and blackened veld are by day the hiding-places of many creatures whose business abroad is by night. Beat them out, and from the larger ones you will very likely disturb a duiker, perhaps a pair. A serval cat, or a caracal, may be drowsing the daylight hours in fancied security, but you will almost certainly require the assistance of dogs if you desire to bag either of the latter, for

you will find them to be possessed of true feline slimness, and so long as by crouching close and slipping back they can elude discovery, they will never stake their all on a dash for the open. Sometimes a grass owl flops heavily away, and settles twenty yards off behind a small outlying tuft, blinking foolishly at the sunlight; or you may chance on a big python coiled up, either asleep, or waiting for some unwary creature to pass within reach of his deadly grip.

As we drop down into a little hollow, at the bottom of which some thick reeds mark the course of a tiny rivulet, a tributary of that larger spruit in front, and now of course quite dried up, two or three forms can just be descried moving slowly about on the farther side. For a moment we start, and involuntarily half pull up the pony, but a second glance reveals them as warthogs, rooting about in the soft ground. Short of sight, though quick of hearing, they now stand quite still, trying to locate the sound of the horse's feet. Less than thirty paces separate us, when a tiny puff of air from behind, precursor of a change in the wind, catches their keen nostrils, and in a moment they are off at their customary sharp trot, the short legs doing a vast amount of work, the tails erect, and the little tufts at the extremities of the latter bobbing and nodding like miniature flags. An old sow leads, then come two half-grown offspring, followed a second later by the father of the family, his great white tusks curved outwards and upwards, so that they form a crescent upon either side of his gargoyle-like countenance.

This change in the wind is unfortunate. We are a bare half mile from our destination, and can already quite clearly see the vultures covering the upper branches of a huge dead tree, which, denuded of all its twigs and

smaller branches, towers gray and grim far above the encompassing younger generation. A detour is plainly essential; and we can only hope that the treacherous breeze may not already have betrayed our presence. We therefore diverge at right angles; and, after twenty minutes of picking our way over stony and broken ground, strike the spruit just where, as it happens, a convenient game path gives access through the dense border of thorns, rank grass, and drift, to its dry and sandy bed. As we cross the latter, the sand is examined closely for any tell-tale footprints, but there is nothing visible which may give us a clue as to the nature of our present quarry. At the summit of the farther bank it seems advisable to dismount and leave the pony in charge of an attendant, and accompanied by the other two we proceed cautiously to work up towards our point. Hard as one may try, it is almost impossible upon such occasions to proceed noiselessly. The ground is one mass of little dead sticks and dry leaves, often concealing loose stones, which turn or shift as one inadvertently treads upon them, tempting the mildest of men to make use of most regrettable expressions beneath his breath. Unfortunately, too, it is just in such thick patches, wherein noiseless walking is most difficult, that the cunning carnivore is most likely to be sheltering himself during the heat of the day; ever, even in his soundest slumber, taking care to keep one eye open. Needless to say, a white man, however carefully he may have seen to his hunting footgear, and however lightly he may endeavor to tread, makes much more noise than does a barefooted son of the African soil; but if one happens to be sitting down in the silent forest waiting for one's natives to come up, one can generally hear even their footsteps quite dis-

tinctly for at least a minute before they arrive. It has always, therefore, seemed to me a matter for surprise that sleeping carnivora are accidentally happened upon so often as is actually the case; though, generally speaking, shooting-parties in Africa, especially in forest country, cannot be said to be successful in bagging many of these animals. The present occasion is no exception. We have seen to it that our followers have removed their footgear, but in our own case that is unfortunately impracticable, and we have to pick our way as best we can. Arrived opposite the vultures, it becomes necessary to recross the spruit, and as we climb the reverse bank the great birds one by one flap heavily away, showing that to them at least our presence is no secret.

We find ourselves in the midst of a very dense belt of thorn bush; rank grass impedes our feet, while mimosas and wait-a-hits catch in our garments. Everything is quite silent around, except only the insects, whose busy hum shows that they are taking advantage of the few hours of pleasant warmth before and after midday.

We listen intently for a few moments, and then creep forward to the edge of the bush. Beyond stretches burnt veld, lightly timbered, which we scan in vain for any sign of life. We can see the vultures now perched on trees some two or three hundred yards away, all gazing steadily back in our direction.

A short whispered consultation is held, and then while we remain on the alert where we are, our two followers creep away, one to the right and the other to the left. The undergrowth can be heard rustling as they move cautiously through it. Then comes a low whistle. We go to it at once, and find Jafuta peering up into the branches of a small fig-tree, the while he whispers "Ingwe!"

Indications of a leopard's handiwork are in fact patent enough. Hanging over a large protruding limb of the tree, at about fifteen feet from the ground, and jammed in between the base and the parent trunk, are visible the head and forequarters of a half-grown reedbuck ram, while the bark of the main stem in front of us is notched and splintered with claw marks.

The first sensation is one of disappointment. The fact that the culprit is a leopard is quite enough to dissipate any hope of a surprise. In fact, some pressed down grass under a bush, near the foot of the tree, shows clearly enough where he has been lying until disturbed by our approach. Still, the chances are that he yet adheres to the fringe of dense covert along the margin of the spruit, and if Dame Fortune will but smile on us it may yet be possible to settle accounts with him. It will, of course, be necessary to send back for the dogs, which will mean a long delay. In the meantime let us get the kill down. M'ndosa, being the younger, is promptly ordered up the tree by Jafuta, and the carcass falls to the ground with a thud. A fine young ram, about three parts grown, neatly and thoroughly cleaned, as by the hand of some expert butcher; the brisket and portions of the lower part of the neck eaten, but otherwise practically untouched, showing that the kill has taken place in the early hours of the morning, and probably hidden up the tree only after daylight, too late to escape the sharp eyes of the watchful vultures. Some twenty yards away, just beyond the edge of the bush, bloodstains and a trampled patch of grass mark where the deed was done: thence a well-defined track indicates the course of the carcass as it was dragged within the covert, and not far away from where the leopard

had been lying are found the paunch and parts of the inside buried under earth and leaves.

One of the most remarkable characteristics of the leopard is the immense activity and strength which he displays in dragging his prey, not infrequently an animal bigger and heavier than himself, up the bare trunk of a tree in order that he may deposit it for safety in the lower branches thereof. Exactly how he performs the feat it is most difficult to say, but it would appear not improbable that, at least with the heavier burdens, he is accustomed to crawl up backwards, holding his prey in his mouth. Be that as it may, his exploits in this respect are noteworthy. Beyond doubt it is the hyæna against whom protection is chiefly sought. Shortly before dawn the leopard, obeying his instincts, must proceed to the local drinking-place: did he not before doing so take care to deposit his meal in a place of safety, the powerful lurking brute, ever on the alert for a stolen repast, would quickly seize either the whole carcass, or so much of it as he could carry or drag, and make off therewith at best speed to some remote lair. The spotted hyæna is never very far away when a kill takes place: in all probability he dogs the footsteps of the potential slayers as they roam through the forest seeking a victim.

Some considerable time may elapse ere the arrival of the pack, and so, having made our way back to the pony, we seek and presently discover a little nook, quiet and shady, where a broad spreading fig-tree overhangs and shelters with its foliage a clear pool, whose sandy margin the nightly visits of the game have trampled into a labyrinth of footmarks. Here leaves and sticks are brushed aside lest we should inadvertently sit upon the lurking centipede, scorpion, or

other equally unpleasant previous tenant, and in return for our intrusion be duly taught the advantage to be gained by looking before we leap.

Plop! . . . but it is nothing more alarming than a startled water-tortoise diving from off the bank hard by, and presently we can see his little round head, as he swims under the opposite bushes, cautiously taking stock of the intruder.

The period of restful ease which follows a light luncheon partaken of under these conditions lends itself, with the aid of a pipe, to a due contemplation of both bird and insect life. As one sits quietly smoking, the bush reveals its secrets as it seldom does when one's part is a more active one. Birds come hopping fearlessly close by amongst the branches. A couple of barbets, oblivious entirely of our presence, are even engaged in a squabble over some choice tit-bit. A malachite kingfisher darts from a dead branch above the pool, and, after a moment's disappearance beneath the surface, returns with a tiny glistening trophy which he proceeds to do to death by repeatedly beating it against his perch. It is to be feared that the pleasure which the contemplation of the bird's brilliant plumage and active motions gives to us finds but little echo in the heart of his victim. A pair of kakelaars join the company above our head, and chatter loudly as they pick about in the bark for insects with their long red bills. At our feet a battalion of ants marches steadily ahead in file, heedless of impediments to their progress. They are intent on a raid of some kind, or perhaps only changing quarters. Here and there in the procession stalks an officer, equipped with formidable mandibles, who maintains due order amongst his special command. As we interestedly, if lazily, watch the movements of the column, the objective in

view is suddenly borne in upon us, and our attitude of passive benevolence forthwith vanishes: it is, in fact, no less than our own commissariat which is the goal. Already, indeed, jam and tinned milk are full of adventurous insects bent upon suicide, while advanced parties have reached the preserved meat and are making up their minds about the bread. A hasty removal of the remains of the feast, if disappointing to the unbidden guests, still no doubt saves many lives which would otherwise have been sacrificed to reckless greed. The little disturbance sends all our feathered friends away in a hurry, and a small gray-footed squirrel scuttles frantically for shelter up aloft.

But it must be time for the return of our retainers. The sun is well past the zenith, and they have been gone nearer two hours than one. Sure enough, in a few minutes voices are heard, and presently a long string of natives comes into view. Jafuta has evidently beaten up every able-bodied man and boy in the village; even old Likoma comes hobbling along leaning on his stick, ready to furnish a younger and less expert generation with encouragement and advice. With them comes the pack, and, truth to tell, as one contemplates it, one feels that so far as success is dependent upon its assistance there is no justification for being over sanguine. It is extremely difficult to keep good dogs for any length of time in the Low Country, especially those with the necessary spice of valor: the latter almost invariably fall victims sooner or later in the pursuit of the greater cats; while snakes, crocodiles, and fever take an even larger toll. Our dumb companions are indeed, as it were, upon continuous active service. Just at present it so happens that strength is exceptionally low. There is one reliable veteran, old "Office,"

who may be trusted to do his duty with the necessary blending of pluck and caution under any circumstances; but in support there are only a couple of young and unsophisticated fox terriers, and a brace of nondescript curs from the village. Ten men and boys complete the army of offence, and we proceed to formulate our tactical scheme.

It is half an hour later that "Office" gives tongue, and immediately a crash and a murderous growl show that our quarry is afoot. In a moment all is wild excitement; 'mid the shouts of mutual encouragement and advice, not to speak of the canine chorus, it is difficult to make oneself audible, but eventually we are successful in despatching two of the swiftest runners to endeavor to cut off the leopard from the haven of a particularly forbidding-looking strip of bush which can be seen lying a little way ahead on the same side of the spruit. Fast as the youths run, with two-fifths of the pack babbling at their heels, they are nevertheless too late to achieve the desired object, and are just in time to see a ringed tail disappearing within a tangle of thorns, rank grass, and driftwood, which is not less than thirty yards wide, and in length extends fully a quarter of a mile. Hotfoot on the track, however, plunges the gallant "Office," and a moment or two later the sound of furious barking, confined to one spot, shows that the leopard is at bay. Now under such circumstances, given a trustworthy lot of dogs, there would be no great difficulty in ending the matter, as the beast, hemmed in and afraid to turn his back on his enemies in order to effect his escape, would be held in one spot until the hunter could force his way through the undergrowth to a point whence he could catch a glimpse of him. Even should he charge once or twice through the

ring of elusive foes, he would speedily realize that there was no escape for him upon *terra firma*, and, cat-like, would seek the refuge of a tree, whence a well-placed bullet might quickly bring him tumbling down to mother earth. In the present instance we are sadly handicapped. Inside the dense covert our one reliable hound still energetically abuses the enemy, while outside the terrier pups rush frantically about, barking vigorously, but with no clear idea of what is expected of them; the native dogs, on the other hand, who know very well, but are already beginning to realize that it is not their day out, add to the noise, but make no attempt to advance in support. So matters remain until the arrival of the field, more or less breathless, upon the scene, when the shouting and unaccustomed blandishment stimulate the cautious hearts of the mongrels with a temporary daring, and they take the plunge. The terriers, too, at last localizing the seat of trouble, rush in, violent and breathless, while we follow with considerable deliberation. A few yards in front we can make out "Office's" tail, and sometimes his head and part of his back, as he jumps up and down in his agitation. Just in front of him lies a solid mass of matted grass and thorns, wherein without doubt lurks our quarry; but it would be futile to place a bullet at random, the chances of hitting him are infinitesimal, whereas the risk of his stampeding amounts almost to a certainty. It is better to wait on the even chance of his exposing himself presently. Hardly have we arrived at this conclusion when there is a snarl, a rush, and a disturbance of the tangled brake. "Office" springs nimbly backwards, to be violently assailed from behind by the two terrier pups, confident that they have at last realized their duty. There is a momentary flash of black and white,

but at the critical moment we are overwhelmed by the desperate backward rush of the kaffir dogs, whereof one bolts yelling between our legs, and when we have regained the perpendicular once more the leopard is gone, and "Office" is baying him twenty yards farther on. Once more we cautiously make our approach, but before we can arrive upon the scene there arises a series of fierce roaring grunts, followed by a sharp yelp, and back comes the dog, decorated with a couple of deepish claw marks down his flank. Evidently on this occasion the enemy was bent on charging home, and he only just escaped.

It seems useless to proceed further on these lines. The one useful dog is partially incapacitated, the terriers are too young and foolish to be of the slightest assistance; while of the others, "Mabalana" has apparently bolted straight home, and "Foklse" has laid herself down under a bush, whence neither threats nor entreaties have the slightest effect in moving her. To endeavor to drive the animal out with beaters is equally hopeless. So dense is the scrub that it is possible to proceed only very slowly, fighting every step, at times even crawling upon the hands and knees. We are too few to surround the bush, and so haply observe him should he creep away or cross the spruit; nor can we rely upon "kraaling" him in one spot. An attempt to fire the grass ends in failure, the roots and underparts not being yet dry.

After a little discussion, picquets are placed at the most commanding points and the smallest boy present is sent up the largest available tree on the edge of the bush. We cross the spruit, and by creeping close down amongst the covert on the opposite side, establish ourselves where there is the possibility of a shot should he elect to cross over, as we can com-

mand the sandy bed for at least a hundred yards each way. Meantime the beaters enter the bush, the indispensable "Office" accompanying, but not, on this occasion, preceding them. For a few minutes nothing is heard save the sound of crashing drift and breaking sticks, as the men slowly force their arduous passage: then comes a wild shout from the look-out up the tree—just visible from our position,—accompanied by much pointing and such violent gesticulation that the security of his position would seem to be in some danger. Everyone takes up the cry, the dogs bark, and I fancy that I can see something rustling through the thick stuff opposite, perhaps twenty-five paces distant. There is barely time to raise the rifle and put in a single shot before all is still again, but nevertheless it seems good policy to plant a few more bullets in the direction whither the movement seemed to have been tending. It takes some minutes before the beaters have converged on the place, and we all then advance with due precaution. Alas! nothing rewards our eager scrutiny of the ground for blood spoor. True, the undergrowth is so thick that a few gory spots might easily escape detection; indeed the animal himself might be crouching close by without any one being the wiser. The latter thought is one that is so apt to seize upon the imagination when the first excitement is over, that it supplies the motive for the order to beat an immediate retreat. A possibly wounded leopard, and covert like this, is about the nastiest combination it is possible to conceive. At this moment the undaunted "Office" springs forward, betraying every sign of excitement—he has been sniffing round for the past few minutes—and disappears in a sort of tunnel of grass and dead sticks. Unwilling to let him gamble further with fortune to-day, we call him back

energetically,—absolutely no good—the dog is as full of fire as at the beginning of the hunt and now the barks change to growls, and sounds as of worrying. The men exchange glances, and a forward move is simultaneous. At first nothing can be seen. Then the dog's hindquarters can be distinguished, as he pulls and tears at something which is evidently lying on the ground, and a moment later we are standing over a fine male leopard, stone dead. By some extraordinary freak of chance one of the random bullets had hit him behind one ear, and almost lifted off the top of the skull, of course killing him instantly. He must have dropped in his tracks without uttering a sound, in the act of attempting to creep away in the long grass. It is the kind of luck that might perhaps occur once in a million times, and certainly reflects small credit upon the marksman. Still, there is no necessity to give oneself away to one's followers, and an attitude of calm indifference seems most fitting to the occasion. Mutual congratulations are the order of the moment: the ancient Likoma alone strikes a jarring note, when, having at length hobbled up to the edge of the bush, whither we have had the dead beast dragged, he shakes his head with senile solemnity and hopes it may not prove to be "mtagati," that is to say, may not be a were-leopard—man at one time and beast at another,—not an uncommon superstition amongst many Bantu races. Dire disaster is said to fall upon the head of any one who thus offends the spirit by depriving it of a bodily tenement.

"Office's" wounds are now syringed with disinfectant—fortunately they are not serious, and he will lick them well in a few days,—and the leopard is slung upon a pole and so borne homewards; nor is the reed-buck meat from the big tree forgotten. At the

forthcoming feast, nevertheless, it will take second place to the leopard, which will form the *pièce de résistance*. All our natives are exceedingly fond of eat meat, from the flesh of the lordly lion down to that of the humble mouse-catcher; in fact, amongst the Zulu-speaking tribes of the Eastern Transvaal it probably occupies the very first place among dainty dishes. The fat with which the bodies of animals of this family are covered is, of course, a great attraction for external use; and in the case of the lion and the leopard there are, in addition, the virtues of courage and cunning in hunting, which may be absorbed into the system through eating the meat.

There is now nothing to do but to follow on quietly; and, as the afternoon is slipping away, by the time we shall have regained camp it will be almost the hour for a cup of tea. On the way we bethink ourselves of an old friend who lives in the neighborhood,—"Father William," to wit—though this is no white-bearded sage, full of stories of the chase as he remembers it in days of yore, but merely an elderly and very lonely waterbuck bull with a twisted horn, who, these many months, has taken up his permanent residence about three-quarters of a mile from the village, and may be seen on almost any afternoon standing in the shade of the same thorn-tree, whence, with pathetic air, he watches his younger and more successful rivals as they daily pilot their fair charges to and fro between grazing-ground and water. Again and again have we endeavored to confer upon him immortality through the medium of the camera, but to this, it seems, he maintains a rooted objection. Two hundred yards is the limit to which we may approach; outside that distance he merely placidly observes us with grave curiosity, but the moment we endeavor to draw any nearer, quietly,

and without betraying any undue haste or nervousness, but without any hesitation, the patriarch slowly directs his steps in the opposite direction so that the regulation distance may be observed.

But upon this particular day is to occur the temporary rejuvenescence of our old friend. As he stands motionless in his favorite spot, doubtless comparing the triumphs of the past with the gray monotony of the present, a troop of five cows, escorted by the usual male protector, comes into sight. Whether this bull is a stranger or an old enemy, there is at least something in his appearance which brings the light of battle to "Father William's" eyes, and so, after a good, steady stare, he bears down upon him, first at an animated walk, which presently increases to a high-stepping trot. The escort to the ladies has already seen him, and drives the latter in front of him at a gallop; but the pursuer also increases his pace, and is rapidly closing up. After a hasty glance round, the younger bull thereupon abandons his charges, dashes ahead of them, and circles round in the direction whence he originally came. Hotfoot after him goes our friend, while the placid cows simply remain where they are, cropping grass, and unconcernedly awaiting the issue. The chase brings both pursuer and pursued close past our tree, and as they pass at their lumbering gallop it is plain that the younger draws away from his opponent. A little farther on he seems to gather courage, and swings sharply round with lowered head; but the sight of the adversary coming steadily on is too much for his nerves, and, swerving from the shock, he receives the horns in another part of his person. He then makes off at redoubled speed, and subsequent proceedings are lost to us. Half an hour later the patriarch returns with

conquering air, and it is difficult to refrain from greeting him with a cheer. The cows do not display any particular feeling one way or another at the change of escort, and continue on their way as if nothing had happened. Alas, that success should be so short-lived! Within a week the old fellow is seen once more under his accustomed tree as dismal and lone-looking as ever.

It was not far from here, too, that we once witnessed the unavailing endeavors of an unfortunate half-grown wildebeeste, by some mischance out of touch with his own herd, to attach himself to a body of strangers. Tentatively, and with every possible demonstration of friendliness, he slowly approached. Arrived within fifty yards, a couple of bulls walked out to take his measure. There was a short but apparently fairly close inspection, and then both proceeded to assault him violently. Away fled the unhappy intruder, nor rested until he had put several hundred yards betwixt himself and his assailants.

Thereafter, having apparently plucked up courage, and doubtless hoping for better luck next time, he proceeded once more to put fortune to the test. On this occasion every animal in the herd seemed emulous to do him injury; and when he at length emerged from out of the midst of that cloud of dust and whirl of tossing horns and stamping hoofs, it was at his best pace and evidently with but one idea —that of getting as far away as possible.

By the time we have got back to Malahana's the leopard has been skinned: the pelt has been pegged out to dry, and most of the meat is already simmering in the cooking-pots. Everyone is in a cheerful frame of mind. Mfundisi, indeed, has been so excited in anticipation of the splendid feast that he has quite forgotten to

boil the water for tea; in fact, on inquiry, it leaks out that it has not yet been fetched from the stream. The temper is apt to be short in Africa; and on the present occasion, in addition, we are tired and hungry, and so it is to be feared that the language used partakes rather of the forcible than of the polite, so that the expectant grin quite vanishes from the youth's ebon countenance as he sets about making up for lost time.

A little later, the inner man duly refreshed, and a deck-chair placed comfortably within the shade of a dark-green tree, things wear a distinctly encouraging aspect, and the world, as typified by Africa, seems a pleasant and desirable place wherein to dwell. It is ever thus in the veld. As one reclines luxuriously in the shade, or at a later period of the evening gazes reflectively into the depths of a glowing camp-fire, are the toils and struggles of the day, the heat, the insects, the thirst, the thousand and one petty discomforts, all forgotten? Far from it. On the contrary, to recall them from a present haven of ease is to invest such episodes with a halo of attraction and of distinction, and to cause one to look forward with eager anticipation to further experiences of the same kind on the morrow. And so we recline and smoke, while the sun sinks low to the horizon, and, their roosting-time at hand, the ring-doves come speeding overhead on the way to their evening drink. Down-by the spruit the francolins are busy calling to one another, and beyond it the bush knorhaans are practising those aerial gymnastics so familiar to the sportsman who has visited their haunts. Straight up from out of the sea of bush into the quiet evening air rises the cock bird, to pause at a sufficient altitude with flapping wings, and then to fall headlong, the pinions held fast to the sides, until just as it

seems that he must be dashed to pieces the wings are extended, and he lights easily upon his feet, to rise immediately again and react the scene.

'Mid a babel of bird voices, melodious and harsh, noisy and gentle, intoning successively and in united chorus every note of the gamut, the sun at length sinks blood-red over the western ridges; and then to the sound of many tongues succeeds that strange hush which follows sunset,

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and forms, as it were, neutral ground betwixt the voices of the day and those others peculiar to the hours of darkness.

It becomes chilly, and the brilliant stars foreshadow a touch of frost. The pony has been rugged up and fed, and nothing now remains but to discuss the fare provided by the penitent Mfundisi, and then to seek the welcome blankets.

J. Stevenson-Hamilton.

HARDY-ON-THE-HILL.

BY M. E. FRANCIS

(*Mrs. Francis Blundell.*)

BOOK II.

CHAPTER III.

As Stephen passed through the yard of the Little Farm on the following morning, he was struck by unusual signs of activity. The shutters of the upper rooms were thrown open, Cox was laboriously cleaning windows on the ground floor; Louisa, with flushed cheeks and a ruffled head, was galloping in and out shaking mats, trailing fragments of carpet over the grass, and otherwise making herself very busy.

"My young ladies be a-comin' whoam-along to-day," she announced gleefully, as Stephen passed her on his return from the granary, where he had been inspecting the condition of certain potatoes reserved for seed.

"Are they?" said he, pausing.

"Ees," said Louisa, nodding, "the wold gentleman, he be a-bidin' a bit longer in London, but Miss Leslie an' Miss Bess, they be both a-comin' whoam-along. I did get the letter yesterday, an' Mr. Cox an' me have a-been so busy as anything ever since. They're to be here at three o'clock."

Stephen passed on without replying; he felt angry.

"There was peace while she was away," he said to himself. "Why should she come back now?"

Then other thoughts intruded themselves. What would Kitty feel when she heard how things were between him and Sheba? She would scorn him more than ever. He had picked up a mate from the fields; he had extended the hand which he once deemed worthy to clasp hers to that brown one of Sheba's, a hand used to rough work, to turnip-picking, hauling hurdles—work which was unfit for women to do. That vision of Kitty's little white hand still haunted his thoughts. She would wonder at his insolence. Then he checked the thought with fierce remorse. Sheba's hand was browned with toil, but honest—faithful; he should pray Heaven to make him worthy to hold it in his. At tea-time, when he and his step-mother were sitting opposite each other, somewhat silently, for even good-natured Rebecca could not immediately readjust her ideas to the prospective change in their lives, there came a timid tap at the door, and Kitty walked in—Kitty, rather pale and very nervous, wear-

ing a pretty dress of what Mrs. Hardy inwardly designated as a "new-fangled fayshion," and looking very shy and sweet.

"We've just come home," she said, kissing Rebecca, "and I couldn't help running across to see you."

"And you're welcome, too, Miss Leslie," cried Rebecca, warmly. "I'm sure you be."

Kitty turned towards Stephen timidly and extended her hand.

"How do you do, Mr. Hardy?"

He muttered a response, and dropped it coldly. Kitty raised her eyes which she had involuntarily dropped in greeting him; there was reproach, even enmity, in her glance.

"There, sit ye down, my dear," cried Rebecca joyfully. "I'm sure it be a pleasure to see ye again—lookin' so nice an' dressed so pretty too. And how did you like London, my dear?"

"I didn't like it at all," said Kitty. "I wasn't a bit happy. I was longing all the time to get home."

Stephen's lip twitched. Just so had Bess been wont to speak, with a roll of limpid eyes and an affected sigh. Every one knew how much Bess's contempt of worldliness and hollow shams and aspirations after the simple life were worth. He had been amused at the little creature's play-acting, but had deemed her sister to be of a different stamp. Yet here was Kitty play-acting too, and for what purpose?

"I think I was made to be a country girl," went on Kitty, still in a tone that was unconsciously appealing, and with a reproachful glance now and then at Stephen's grim face. "I felt lost in London—such a small, small, insignificant waif. Everything was so dazzling and so noisy, and so—so heartless," she added with a sigh that in Stephen's ears was the echo of Bess's own. He pushed back his chair and rose suddenly:

"I have one or two things to see to

outside," he said, and, nodding curtly towards the visitor he went out. Kitty sat in blank silence until his figure passed the window and then sprang up too.

"I want to ask Mr. Hardy something," she cried. "I'll come back presently to have a long chat with you."

She had flown from the room before Rebecca could rejoin her, and, darting eagerly out of the house, caught sight of Stephen in the rick-yard, standing still and prodding viciously at a weed with the point of his stick. The bright afternoon light showed the strong lines in his face; the brows were drawn, the lips compressed.

"Mr. Hardy," called Kitty, falteringly.

He looked up quickly, and came towards her:

"Do you want me?"

"Only for a minute. I want to ask you something."

He halted opposite to her and waited, still with a clouded face.

She was about to carry out a resolution which had formed itself during her exile in London, and to make one more effort to break down the barrier which had arisen between herself and her former friend. She had often imagined the scene, and rehearsed the words she meant to use, but now that the time had come for speaking them her courage almost failed her.

"Mr. Hardy," she said, tremulously. "I want to ask you if we can't be friends again. I've thought of it so much while I was away. I—I—you and Mrs. Hardy have been such kind neighbors. I can't bear you to think me ungrateful."

Stephen looked away over the lines of golden stacks to where the birch trees which shaded the Lovers' Walk moved lightly in the breeze.

"I see you do think me ungrateful," said Kitty. "I can't help it, I suppose. I must submit to it. But there's one

thing I can't submit to," she went on, her voice trembling, not with timidity this time but with pent-up emotion. "You accused me once of being light-minded. I can't bear that—I won't bear it. You've no right to be so unjust to me."

Stephen looked at her frowningly; her hands were clenched, her blue eyes shining; the words came in little gusts because of her quick breathing.

"Well, Miss Leslie," he answered sternly, "I don't want to judge you harshly, but what else can I think? The man I saw you with—"

"I didn't know he was a married man," she broke out. "I told you I didn't know it."

"It's not that," said Stephen, slowly. "The man was a married man, and, young as you are I think you must have guessed that he wasn't a good man—not fit to be trusted. But it's not that—it's—somehow I didn't think you were that sort—I didn't think it would be your way to take up so quick with the first man you met—the first man o' your own class, I should say," he added, bitterly. "I didn't think you'd make little of yourself like that. There's the truth."

The color rushed over Kitty's face, and angry tears sprang to her eyes. But something merciless within him prompted him to continue:—

"I'm not speakin' o' myself—yes, I will speak o' myself though," he added, interrupting himself fiercely.

At that moment no other woman existed for him in the world but Kitty; the remembrance of his engagement to Sheba had absolutely vanished from his mind.

"I mid ha' been mistaken but I thought what I thought—an' to see you turn from me to him in scarce more than a few days—well, I do call it light conduct. Ye packed me about my business an' ye took up wi' the first man that came to hand. Things had

gone deep wi' me, ye see, Miss Leslie—I couldn't seem to understand it."

"That will do," said Kitty, "I can't explain it; there's no more to be said."

She turned away, holding her head very high and walking unfalteringly across the yard and through the gate; she had forgotten all about her promise to return to Mrs. Hardy.

She went upstairs slowly, avoiding the sitting room as she wished to evade Bess's questions anent her visit to the farm on the hill. On opening the door of their joint bedroom, however, she was dismayed to find, not only her sister there, but Louisa, who was kneeling before a half-unpacked box.

"Come in, Kitty, come in!" cried Bess, as Kitty was about to close the door. "I want to tell you something. What do you think? Louisa says Farmer Hardy is courting Sheba Baverstock."

Kitty stood still, her breath for the moment so completely taken away that she was unable to respond. Louisa squatted back upon her heels, balancing on her red arms a pile of under-clothing and wagging her head in high delight at finding herself the centre of interest.

"Yes, miss, 'tis the talk of the whole place. Baker, he says to me this marnin' when I did tell him I should want a extra loaf along o' my young ladies comin' back, says he. 'Ye'll be havin' a bit o' stir about this here wold place again, then,' he says, 'an' if the tale be true what they do tell I in the town, there'll be a deal o' stir at the Big Farm up-along!' 'Why,' says I, 'what stir?' 'A weddin'," he says, 'They d' say Farmer Hardy what do never seem to look at any maid have a-took up at last wi' Sheba Baverstock.' "

"Nonsense," said Kitty, quickly.

"It isn't nonsense though," cried Bess. "Just you listen—go on Louisa."

"Well, Miss," continued Louisa, with modest triumph, "the baker did tell I as Sheba Baverstock an' Farmer Hardy were a walking through the town arm-in-crook last night so friendly as anything—walking along plump in face of all the folks in town."

"Nonsense!" exclaimed Kitty again, and she smiled to herself a little bitterly; had she not the best of reasons for knowing how impossible such a wooing would be? Her cheeks were yet burning at the tone in which Stephen had condemned her own instability of purpose. He might be angry, he was unjust, but fickle—light-minded, as he would say himself—never.

Meanwhile Louisa was happily babbling on.

"Wold Baverstock was run over two or three nights ago, an' brought to Cottage Hospital for dead. He bain't dead yet, but he be wounded in the in'ards summatt ter'ble, an' he can't laist long, doctors do say, an' butcher did tell I as he did meet Sheba an' Farmer Hardy a-walkin' through the market-place so lovin' as anythin'. She was a-holdin' on to his arm, an' he was a-lookin' down at her that earnest! Butcher was very much surprised. 'Twas commonly thought,' he says, 'as Mr. Hardy 'nd look much higher. Every one be a-talkin' about it,' he did tell I. 'Tis a strange thing for he to pick up a girl what do work l' the fields.' And that's true," commented Louisa. "Sheba Baverstock, she do work l' the fields when she bain't trantin'. She be ter'ble common, Sheba be. She do speak in a ter'ble common way—she haven't a-had no eddication at all. I'd ha' thought Farmer Hardy 'd ha' looked higher, shouldn't you, Miss Bess? Bain't there somebody a-knocking at the door?" she exclaimed before Bess could respond.

"Go down and see who it is," said Kitty severely. "Pull down your

sleeves and put your cap straight; and you needn't come back any more—I'll help Miss Bess to unpack."

Louisa departed with a slightly offended air, and Kitty, going towards the dressing-table, began to divest herself of her hat.

"Well, did you ever hear such a thing?" asked Bess. "Fancy Sheba Baverstock! It just shows that Stephen Hardy is really a low minded sort of man. He hasn't the least bit of genuine refinement."

Kitty slowly drew out a hat-pin before replying. "You oughtn't to gossip so much with Louisa. I can't understand how you can do it."

"I must talk to somebody," responded Bess tartly. "And if I don't say a word or two to Louisa now and then I shall have to talk to Cox. There's not a living soul to speak to in the place now that we can't go to the Hardys. How thankful I am that we gave them up. Really I think we were a little mad to have ever made friends with them. Only fancy what a mess we might have got ourselves into! Why don't you speak, Kitty?" she added irritably. "Don't you think it's rather humiliating to think that Stephen Hardy is that sort of man? You know at one time I actually thought—of course, it was the wildest, most idiotic idea, and if father and you hadn't put it into my head it would never have occurred to me—but, you know, he really did admire me, and that's what's so humiliating now. To be admired by a man who is just as ready to fall in love with any tramping, gipsy sort of creature. Isn't it humiliating, Kitty?"

Kitty was saved the trouble of responding by the clattering return of Louisa, who burst into the room all agog with an unpleasant piece of information.

"Mrs. Turnworth be a sittin' down-stairs, Miss. I said you was busy un-

packin', but she came right in, an' she says she is in a hurry."

The girls descended the stairs, Bess grimacing behind her sister's back.

"Now for it," she whispered. "Sinful extravagance—idle folly, going up to London when we haven't got any money to spend. Father'll run through all that he's to get for his book before it comes out—I know."

But Mrs. Turnworth said none of these things. She told Kitty that she looked pale, and Bess that she had grown fat—preliminaries that were irresistible because likely to be distasteful to the recipients—and, after a portentous sniff on hearing that Mr. Leslie had not yet returned, started off at a tangent.

"I didn't know you were back till Mrs. Hardy told me; I have just been to see the Hardys. By the way, Kitty, Rebecca said that you had been in this afternoon."

"Yes," said Kitty.

"I never knew you went to the Hardys," remarked Bess in a resentful tone, "you're always doing things without telling me now, Kitty."

"There was no need to tell you," rejoined Kitty quickly. "I only went in to see Mrs. Hardy for a minute."

"Oh, I know they're great friends of yours," interposed Mrs. Turnworth, with the laugh which the sisters found so trying. "Did you hear anything about Hardy himself? Perhaps Rebecca may have given *you* some information, though I couldn't get anything out of her. In fact, she was quite rude. She said Stephen knew his own business, and could talk about it as much as he wanted himself. Very fishy, I call it."

"Do you mean about his engagement to Sheba Baverstock?" cried Bess eagerly.

"Engagement!" cried Mrs. Turnworth; then, after another sniff and a suggestive pause, she continued. "Well,

call it that if you like. I think he's just what the servants call 'carrying on,' and I dropped in to put Mrs. Hardy on her guard. It's really disgraceful—a man who ought to give an example in the parish. I must talk to Mr. Moreton about it."

"I suppose the butcher told you?" observed Kitty, with a little note of sarcasm in her voice. "I believe he was Louisa's informant."

"Oh, of course, every one is talking about it," returned Mrs. Turnworth comfortably. "I hear they've been parading up and down Branston in the most shameless way. And worse than that, they—but I hardly like to tell you girls."

"Oh, do!" cried Bess. "We are not so young now, Cousin Marion, and we know lots of things."

"Well, really, as you are such near neighbors of the Hardys and have seen so much of the man, it is perhaps just as well you should be warned about his character. Mrs. Green is working for me to-day—I am again cookless—such a creature as I have sent packing!—Mrs. Green couldn't come to me till to-day because she's been all the week with some woman in Branston who has just had a baby. She has had to come home quite late at night, and last night when it was pitch dark—long after ten—she turned into the fields (intending to take the short cut, you know), and she caught sight of a man and a woman standing at the far end just where the path goes between two hedges—you know. The man had his arm round the woman's waist—they were, in fact, embracing each other. Mrs. Green was rather curious, and went towards them cautiously, keeping under the trees, and when she got close she found, to her great surprise, that they were Stephen Hardy and Sheba Baverstock."

"I thought you said it was pitch dark!" exclaimed Kitty; her cheeks,

which had, indeed, never cooled since her interview with Stephen, glowed even more deeply, and she tapped her foot on the floor.

"Oh, there was moonlight, or starlight, or something, I suppose—enough to see by. Anyhow the fact remains. Mrs. Green works for the Hardys, you know, and so, as she thought Farmer Hardy would probably not like to know that she had seen them, she went back as she had come, and returned home by the road. I must say I think the affair is *very* peculiar."

Kitty made no remark, but her foot continued to tap the floor; Bess shook her head and looked extremely wise.

"But Louisa says that everyone in Branston thinks he's going to marry her," she observed after a pause.

"Marry her!" exclaimed Mrs. Turnworth, laughing again. "You poor innocent babe! I only ask you is it likely? A well-to-do man like Mr. Hardy—a man of some education too—do you think it probable that he should marry the daughter of that drunken old reprobate Baverstock? Why, the commonest girl in any of the villages about would refuse to do what the Baverstock girl does. She works like a man, when she does work, but she and her father have spent half their lives on the roads. A common tramp—is she the wife for Hardy-on-the-Hill? I was wondering if Mrs. Hardy had mentioned the subject to you, Kitty."

Kitty shook her head.

"It looks all the more suspicious," said the visitor, rising. "Well, I must be going. I'll just run round to the Moretons', and put the Rector on the track. Something ought to be done—it'll be a public scandal. . . . And so your father has not come back yet?"

Mrs. Turnworth was half across the room by this time, but Kitty did not follow her. She could hear her voice, however, as Bess went out with her.

"Yes, he'll run through what he gets for that book before it is published."

"Cousin Marion couldn't go away without fulfilling one of my prophecies," said Bess, returning. "Well, isn't it rather shocking about Stephen Hardy?"

"I don't believe one word of it," said Kitty. "Either Mrs. Green or Cousin Marion are telling untruths, probably both!"

"Goodness, you need not get so hot about it!" exclaimed Bess. "I don't see why it shouldn't be true—I shouldn't mind if there were a scandal in the neighborhood—it would wake us up a bit, and I am not so very enthusiastic about Stephen Hardy now. It is just like you, Kitty, to take him up when nobody wants you to."

"I don't know what you mean by 'taking him up,'" said Kitty, more calmly. "And I am not at all enthusiastic about Mr. Hardy, but I hate injustice. I'm certain he is quite incapable of acting in the way Cousin Marion says, and I, for one, will never believe it."

"Gracious me, we have changed our note all of a sudden!" commented Bess. "It was you who always held aloof, who never wanted to accept the commonest little favor from him."

"Oh, Bess, can't you see that's just it? We have accepted favors—too many favors! He has been our friend. We oughtn't to stand by and hear his character taken away."

Bess whistled, which she sometimes did when she was in a provoking mood, and Kitty continued warmly.

"I don't say I like the man—I don't know that I do like him—he can be rough, and rude, and disagreeable. Perhaps, as you say, he is not very refined—why should a farmer be refined? But that's no reason why he should be defamed."

"Then you think he *is* going to marry her?" said Bess, gazing at her

sister through half-shut eyes. Kitty, who had been going out of the room, turned at the door.

"I have the best of reasons for know-

The Times.

ing," she cried, "that Stephen Hardy is not thinking of marrying Sheba Baverstock, or anybody else."

(To be continued.)

THE DISCIPLE OF DESTINY.

"Things are as they are, and will be brought to their destined issue."—*The Agamemnon of Eschylus*: quoted by *Jude the Obscure*.

It is with feelings of profound gratitude to the author of *Tess of the d'Urbervilles* that we wish him Many Happy Returns of his Birthday. Our gratitude is due to him for the courageous manner in which he has used his extraordinary gifts, both in prose and poetry, in reproducing the dramas of Dorset life with which he has adorned the literature of England. Few writers have brought to their work so high an artistic ideal, few have tried so consistently to realize their ideal, and fewer still have pressed forward so unflinchingly to the deliberate and successful development of their genius. It may be that in the remote time to come his fame will rest as much upon his poetry as upon his prose; it may be that in some age of universal culture the stupendous epic of *The Dynasts* will appeal with its full force to the audience of intellectual Titans for whom it seems to have been written. Even to-day, it is undoubted that the *Wessex Poems* alone would have secured their writer a lasting place in English letters. But on this occasion it is not the astounding originality, the unplumbed depths of thought and passion, the haunting cadence of his poetry, that we should like to consider; it is an even more unique aspect of his genius, an aspect which appears more or less in nearly all his work, whether in prose or poetry, but which is presented most significantly in the greatest and most

misunderstood of all his novels, *Jude the Obscure*.

Mr. Hardy's work as a novelist has created an epoch in the history of English fiction.

The production of Messrs. Macmillan's admirable pocket Hardy has been brought to a successful close by the issue of the *Wessex Poems*. The event provides a fitting occasion to consider the most significant aspect of Mr. Hardy's genius. His work has created an epoch in the history of English fiction. From Fielding to George Meredith, the English novelists display more or less manifestly the influence of the ancient classics. This was inevitable, apart from the general debt of English literature to that of ancient Greece; for the intellect that produced *Tom Jones*, the great progenitor of the English novel, was steeped in the classics. The "natural growth and development" of the History of a Foundling, the association of character and incident, and, on the whole, their combined movement towards a definite conclusion, are no less indicative of this influence than the conspicuous occurrence of quotations from Homer and Virgil, from Horace and Martial.

It has been left to Mr. Hardy, however, to produce a novel, written not only with the same courage, with what has been called the same "fidelity to nature," as that of Fielding or any of his great successors, but with an even finer perception of the disas-

trous possibilities of life, with a greater range in breadth and depth of passion and emotion, and charged with the very spirit of ancient Greek tragedy, marked by a truly Greek appreciation of the elemental forces that govern human society, and designed from foundation to pinnacle upon the great predominant law of Greek art—the law of proportion.

To put it briefly, Mr. Hardy is the modern exponent of the guiding principles of ancient Greek tragedy. "The root and theme" of that phase of the drama, it has been eloquently said, "is the anger of fate fore-doomed or avenging." And this is the root and theme of Mr. Hardy's greatest novel, *Jude the Obscure*. This novel is nothing less than the product of an intellectual *avatar*; for surely when the story was conceived, the spirit of Aeschylus lived again in Thomas Hardy. Nowhere in the ancient tragedies of that great master is destiny more relentless in pursuing its victims than in this most modern of tragedies cast in the form of prose narrative. In it the gloomy grandeur of Hardy's genius takes its most powerful and characteristic expression, and in it from first to last, every incident, every emotion, every trait of character is focussed upon the final catastrophe.

In the very opening of the story, Jude is discovered like a luckless stag, startled in his browsing-ground by the cry of the unerring hunter, Fate; and thereafter, far or near, the bay of the hounds is always audible, until at last the quarry is pulled down to defeat and death. Clytemnestra is not more surely doomed when Orestes meets Electra at the tomb of their murdered father than Jude—poor "pre-destinate Jude," as the author deliberately calls him—when he receives his first rude awakening among the rooks at the hands of Farmer Troutham.

Just as the ancient tragedian selected a crime calling for condign punishment, and tracked the guilty one to a fitting doom in obedience to those implacable decrees of Destiny which none can withstand, so Hardy selects a temperament with possibilities of passion or ambition, and sets to work to thwart or pervert its development at every turn, and to make it in the end the undoing of its ill-starred possessor.

That Hardy kept the artistic ideal of his great master steadily before him is apparent, apart from the internal evidence of construction. On the eve of Jude's projected wedding with Sue, which was never contracted, the shrinking bride comments upon the tragic story of their ancestor who was gibbeted near the Brown House—"It makes me feel as if a tragic doom overhung our family as it did the house of Atreus." This allusion to the great trilogy of Aeschylus serves not only to deepen the gloom of the story by calling in the atmosphere of the ancient tragedy; it serves also to exhibit unmistakably the persistent recognition in the author's mind of what De Quincey has called the "deep tragedy of human life," which was so characteristic of the ancient Greek.

Of Aeschylus it was aptly said by Schlegel, "In his handling Destiny appears austere in the extreme; she hovers over the heads of mortals in all her gloomy majesty." This is the impression of destiny and human life produced by Hardy's novel.

Of Jude and Sue, when fate had smitten them, the novelist relates, "they would sit silent, more bodeful of the direct antagonism of things than of their insensate and stolid obstructiveness." To Sue, it seemed, "that the First Cause worked automatically, like a somnambulist, and not reflectively like a sage; that at the framing of the terrestrial conditions there

seemed never to have been contemplated such a development of emotional perceptiveness among the creatures subject to those conditions as that reached by thinking and educated humanity. But affliction makes opposing forces loom anthropomorphic; and these ideas were now exchanged for a sense of Jude and herself fleeing from a persecutor."

The last sentence calls up before the mind the flight of Orestes from the Furies. But in general the modern novelist contrives to produce by abstractions the impression which the ancient dramatist produced by personification. It is no longer the Furies, Pallas Athene and Apollo, who are the motive spirits of the tragedy, but the influences of heredity and environment, and their conflict with the forces of temperament and character. But, strikingly enough, if Hardy in his outlook on art resembles the typical ancient Greek, so in his outlook on life he resembles the typical ancient Hebrew. And just as the story of *Jude the Obscure* is constructed upon the principles that guided the pen of Aeschylus, so it is permeated by the dispiriting pessimism that saddens the pages of Ecclesiastes. The keynote of its construction is the unity of action, the keynote of its subject-matter is the essential misery of human life.

Thus, in the world of his tragedies, it is always the burden of life and never its enjoyment which occupies the stage. In this respect Hardy is, in the realms of fiction, a veritable Pluto, Prince of Darkness. There is always a half twilight reigning in his dominions, the sombre gray sky of grief and disappointment, of frustrated hopes, and the miscarriage of good intentions.

"I said it was Nature's intention," wails Sue after the slaughter of the children, "Nature's law and *raison d'être* that we should be joyful in what

instincts she afforded us—instincts which civilization had taken upon itself to thwart. What dreadful things I said! And now Fate has given us this stab in the back for being such fools as to take Nature at her word!"

Nothing could be more Aeschylean in its impressiveness than the manner in which Hardy always depicts the drearier aspects of an incident or its darker possibilities. Sue's first note to Jude is a tragic document. "The very unconsciousness of a looming drama which is shown in such innocent first epistles from men to women, or *vice versa*, makes them, when such a drama follows, and they are read over by the purple or lurid light of it, all the more impressive, solemn, and, in cases, terrible." In the same manner, the sight of Sue's fellow-students in the dormitory of the training college evokes a forecast of "the storms and strains of after years, with their injustice, loneliness, child-bearing, and bereavement." And although, in a sudden and unique access of enthusiasm, Sue says at Stoke Barehills, "I feel that we have returned to Greek joyousness and have blinded ourselves to sickness and sorrow, and have forgotten what twenty-five centuries have taught the race since their time," never once does the novelist display that feeling in action, unless, to be sure, it is for the moment when Jude pushes her face among the blossoms. The utmost concession that Hardy can make to any such approach to happiness is the grudging statement at the opening of that very chapter. "That the twain were happy—between their times of sadness—was indubitable." Even the remark of Sue just quoted closes ominously. "There is one immediate shadow, however," she adds—Little Father Time—a shadow that deepens swiftly to one of the most piteous tragedies ever portrayed.

But while it is true that *Jude the*

Obscure is saturated with the spirit-of-Æschylean tragedy, there is one deep and abiding difference between the work of the elder dramatist and that of the modern novelist. The great Orestean trilogy, as it has been so admirably said, "is constructed upon the principle of leading the sympathizing spectator through scenes of pity and terror, as stations in a journey, but finally to a goal of moral peace and harmonious reconciliation." Not in Hardy's novel do we find the plot moving towards moral peace and harmonious reconciliation. Jude dies heart-broken, a spiritual wreck, with the bitter words of Job on his lips: "Let the day perish wherein I was born, and the night in which it was said, There is a man child conceived. Let that day be darkness; let not God regard it from above, neither let the light shine upon it. Lo, let that night be solitary, let no joyful voice come therein." Sue, dear, tender, rebellious, smitten and suffering Sue, said, indeed, that she had found peace. "She may swear that on her knees to the holy cross upon her necklace till she's hoarse, but it won't be true!" said Arabella. "She's never found peace since she left his arms, and never will again till she's as he is now." There can be no question that Arabella was right. It would have been overbold to expect otherwise from a story which, as the author warns his reader, "attempts to deal unaffectedly with the fret and fever, the derision and disaster, that may press in the wake of the strongest passion known to humanity; to tell, without a mincing of words, of a deadly war waged with old Apostolic desperation between flesh and spirit; and to point the tragedy of unfulfilled aims." It is perhaps only this lack of "moral peace and harmonious reconciliation" which prevents, if indeed anything prevents, this novel from being the greatest effort in

English fiction that has appeared since the publication of *Tom Jones*.

Hardy's genius, like that of Cassandra, the fatal prophetess, is most wise—and most wretched; and in his eyes, as in hers, human life is for ever yoked to calamity. For this reason it is not the harmonies of life that appeal to him so much as its discords. In the scheme of life set forth in his tragedies, he seems to have grimly excluded the existence of beneficent accident. Given a certain temperament and certain circumstances, and you will get a given tragic result as inevitably as a chemist would make up a compound from a physician's prescription. If accident ever occurs, it is malevolent, as when Jude unexpectedly sees Arabella in the tavern at Christminster, or when Little Father Time drops out of the clouds upon Jude and Sue at Aldbrickham. This tendency is expressed most tersely in the novelist's own words in another of his great tragedies, the *Mayor of Casterbridge*, in which he speaks of "the ingenious machinery contrived by the Gods for reducing human possibilities of amelioration to a minimum—which arranges that wisdom to do shall come *pari passu* with the departure of zest for doing." And in working out his plot, Hardy, even more than Æschylus, can be utterly dead to the intervention of ameliorating influence. After the expiation of his sin, Orestes is purged of his guilt at Athens, and Æschylus turns the Furies into kindly goddesses who bless the land they had come to curse. Not so Hardy. Neither for Sue nor for Jude is there any mercy. The "unwritten pathos" of Sue's decline is only less powerful than the bitterness and misery of Jude's defection and death.

In this respect, Hardy is a slave to the Unity of Action. For Art aims first and last to create an effect; and to heap disaster upon disaster until it

is the ingenuity of the author, rather than circumstance fairly handled, that seems to be working towards the consummation of the plot, is to risk defeating the intended effect. It is quite possible that, here and there, fate has been as adverse to a man in real life as it is to Jude in Hardy's novel. But in the reading, beyond a certain point, the accumulated disasters seem to be forced. In brief, the dice are too obviously loaded against the victim. This is to be regretted; for although it is quite legitimate for the action of a story to be remotely possible or even impossible, it must never in any degree be allowed to seem improbable. The stricture applies to the plot rather than to detail. With the latter, it is Hardy's great merit that he keeps close to Nature; and it is his great achievement to have built up a record of English life such as no other novelist has ever attempted.

In that respect it may be said of him as Hazlitt said of Ben Jonson, that the sense of reality exercises a despotic sway over his mind. Indeed, in Hardy's case, now and again, the passion for reality seems to conquer his artistic perception. But the blemish has been magnified beyond all reason in the popular estimate of his work. It cannot be too strongly insisted that his sincerity is beyond all doubt; and his great crime in the eyes of many of his critics is that, like his great literary ancestor Fielding, "he has chosen to say as an author what he has felt as a man."

On the other hand, he indulges in a wholesale neglect of the brighter side of life. This is the extreme into which, as into Charybdis, most of the so-called "realists" deliberately plunge. They seem to blind themselves to the unassassable dictum, that it is as much a one-sided rendering of a subject to depict the disagreeable and

omit the pleasant aspects as it is to display the pleasant and conceal the disagreeable. It may well be, other opinion to the contrary notwithstanding, that the true aim of the novelist is to hold up the mirror to human life; but there seems to be no reason why he should persistently display it in dirty weather, and promptly conceal it the moment the sky clears.

And that Hardy's object is to hold up the mirror to life is evident. On that ground alone can his constant intrusion of its darker elements be pardoned or even palliated. He has attempted the impossible task of writing a modern tragedy upon the principles of an ancient art. This is attempting to mix oil and water, and could no more be completely successful than Shelley's attempt in the *Prometheus Unbound* to revive the form as well as the principles of the Aeschylean drama. The guiding principle of Greek Tragedy, as of all Greek art, is proportion, which, by excluding every thought or feeling foreign to the subject, aimed at concentrating each detail directly upon the consummation of the plot. In modern Tragedy, on the other hand, the law of proportion, the perfection of form, is sacrificed to the effect. And to produce the most striking, the most "dramatic," effect there is no greater factor than contrast. Nothing can be more striking, more effective, than the contrasts between humor and pathos, between Comedy and Tragedy, that are among the greatest achievements of Shakespeare. But contrast, or discord, is diametrically opposed to the ruling principle of Greek art, which is a predominating harmony or proportion. The one great aim of the Greek was to suppress emotion; the one great aim of the modern novelist is to express it. The Greek Tragedy was in reality a triumph of rhetoric; the modern novel, to be a triumph, may contain almost anything except rhetoric.

Greek Tragedy tried to interpret life; the modern novel tries to represent it.

The attempt to write, on the principles of an art whose very life and soul was harmony, a tragedy which must, in the nature of its time and place, depend for its effect upon contrast, was to court failure, if perfection were the goal at which the novelist aimed. For although it may be good art to exclude from a painting all lights that would disturb a general scheme of shade, it is not so with a novel. A painting reproduces a moment of arrested action; a novel reproduces the progress of action. A novel is a series of impressions which must be varied, subjected to contrast, or lose their full effect.

It was doubtless for the very purpose of avoiding contrast, or, as it would have seemed to them, discord, that the Greeks kept Tragedy and Comedy apart. Their ruling passion for proportion, for harmony, made it impossible to admit both Tragedy and Comedy on the same stage. Tragedy represented to the Greek the loftiest sphere accessible to human thought; so that to our modern eyes, the conduct of a Greek tragedy would seem to be more like a religious function, or rather a function in which religion, art, and philosophy were combined in the highest achievement possible to the Greek intellect. But of necessity this could not embrace the life and manners of the village folk. They were portrayed, not in Tragedy, but in Comedy. It seems as if the Greeks themselves recognized that only one phase of life could be dealt with in their Tragedy, and that to complete their reproduction of human life they must add the lighter phase portrayed in Comedy. When, therefore, Mr. Hardy endeavored to deal, on the principles of Greek Tragedy, with subjects that the Greeks themselves had been obliged to resort

to Comedy to reproduce, he was riding for a fall. Either he must remain true to life and depart from the leading principle of his art, or he must adhere to his principle and give a misleading, because then of necessity a one-sided, rendering of life. He has chosen, or been driven to choose, the latter. For the Greek Tragedy aimed only at a representation of one particular phase of life, while a novel, such as *Jude the Obscure*, must be held to aim at reproducing life in its entirety.

Hardy's aim, then, must have been to hold up the mirror to life. But it is creating a misleading impression of life to dwell upon its darker side and to ignore or satirically depreciate its brighter aspects. In Hardy's tragedies, for instance, humor is almost non-existent; and wherever it does attempt to show its head, it is promptly trodden down under the merciless heel of irony.

It seems ungracious to Hardy to say it, but Shakespeare knew better. He understood that essential difference between ancient and modern Tragedy—the force of contrast. Had Hardy written *Hamlet* we should have had no Gravedigger; and if he had written *King Lear* we should have had no Fool, although in that "modern Lear," the *Mayor of Casterbridge*, we have Abraham Whittle; and to contrast him with the Fool in *Lear* is to understand at once the difference between the Elizabethan dramatist and the Victorian-Attic novelist.

It is impossible to regard Hardy's record of life as full and complete; it is impossible to accept the gloomy creed enunciated by this great Apostle of Pessimism. Life is not all punishment: there are many rewards; and powerful as is the sermon *Vanitas vanitatum*, with its hundred and one divisions, delivered by the preacher and Mr. Hardy, the morning stars

will sing together for gladness in the dawn of life, the spring-time will still return for happy lovers, and in the intervals of strife and toil, mirth and laughter will still resound in the chequered shade.

Life is not all disappointment, and not all pleasures turn to dust and ashes. Happiness, contentment, and delight in a task courageously attempted, whether crowned by success or consecrated by failure, are not so rare as Hardy would have us believe. That no "human being deserves less

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than is given" may be true in one sense; but in another and deeper sense it must be remembered that if everyone got his deserts none would escape a whipping. Surely the true view is that the darkness in life, like the darkness in the solar year, is fairly evenly balanced with light; and to create this ultimate impression and no other is the task that lies before the novelist who is to stand as high in the world of prose fiction as Shakespeare stands in the drama.

Wilfred S. Durrant.

THE FOG.

We were homeward bound, four days in front of Christmas, over a flat sea blinding with reflected sunshine, congratulating ourselves on a record winter passage into London. There is but one aphorism at sea which comfortably fits most circumstances: "One never knows."

It might have been June. The pallid blue overhead was hung with flimsy white tapestries, suspended in set loops and folds, too thin to veil the sun, whose track over the sea, down which we were bowling at eleven knots, was incandescent silver. A shade had to be erected over the binnacle for the wheelsman. A few sailing vessels were idling about the bright plain, their canvas hanging like table-cloths. The steamer went over a level keel, with no movement but the tremor of the engines, and our wash astern ran in two straight white lines out of sight. The day had been made for us; we could be home before midnight, for we should just catch the tide at the Shipwash light and go up on top of it towards Billingsgate.

It was the strange sunset which gave us the first warning. A vague silver flare fell obliquely down behind the

thin clouds, and when near the plane gradually formed into a pulsing ruby ball. At sunset, the entire western sea was darkened by the shadow of a low boundary cloud of smoky crimson, as though it were a wall which had been burnt red hot by the sun, and left glowing and smouldering. "I don't like the look of that," said the skipper. "We ought to be at the wharf by midnight, and could, but I'll eat my certificate if we are."

The sea was empty of all traffic. We had the North Channel, one of the busiest routes in the world, entirely to ourselves.

"It looks as though London had been wiped out since we left it," said the skipper.

The Maplin watched us pass in the dusk with its one red eye. We raised all the lights clear and bright. The run was still straight and free. Later, we were sitting round the saloon table, calculating whether she would catch the last train for us, when everybody jumped at the unexpected clang of the engine-room bell. "Stop her," we heard the man cry, at the telegraph below. We crowded the companion in an effort to reach deck together, and

the bell rang often enough, while we were arriving, to drive the staff below distracted.

I got to the side in time to see a huge liner's dim shape slide by like a street at night; she would have been invisible but for her row of lights. We could have reached her on a gangway. The man at our wheel was spinning his spokes desperately to avoid banging into vessels we could not see, but whose bells were ringing everywhere about us. We had run full tilt into a fog bank apparently packed with ships, and were saving ourselves and them by guesswork while stopping the way on our boat. The veiled moon was looking over the wall of the fog, and the stars above our deck were bright. But our hull was shoving into a murk which was as opaque as cheese, and had the same flavor. From all directions came the quick ringing of the bells of frightened vessels. Twice across our bows appeared perilous shadows, sprinkled with dim stars, and then high walls went slowly by us. I don't know how long it was before our boat came to a stand, but it was long enough for us. You imagined the presence in the dark of impending bodies, and straining over-side to see them, listening to the sucking of the invisible water, nervously fanned the fog in a ridiculous effort to clear it.

Down our anchor dropped at last, and our own bell then rang as a sign to the invisible flock that we too were harmless. As soon as our unseen neighbors heard our exhaust humming, their continued frantic ringing subsided, and only occasionally they gave a shaking to hear if we answered from the same spot; until at last there was absolute silence, as though all had crept silently away, and left us alone there. So we waited with our riding lights. Our usual lights were only shrouded, for we were fully confident there would be a clearance presently. But

the rampart of the fog built itself up, covered the moon, and finally robbed us of the overhead stars. Imprisoned by the thick walls we lay till morning, listening to the doleful tolling of the Mucking bell.

Next morning showed but a weak diffusion of day through a yellow screen. It required a prolonged look to mark even the dead water over-side. Fog is the most doleful of all set weirds. For nearly a fortnight we had been without rest. We had become used to a little house which was always unstable, and sometimes riotous, between a flying floor and sky. And I was now reeling giddily on a motionlessly dead-level, with soundless unseen waters below, and a blind dumb world all round. We watched impatiently the slow drift of the fog motes for a change of wind. But the rigging was hoary with frost and the deck was glazed with ice. There was but small hope it would lift. We were interned. Overdue already; within eight miles of a station from which we could be home in thirty minutes; and next week might find us still fretting in our prison.

Sometimes the fog would seem to rise a few feet. The brutal deception was played on us many times, and found us willing victims. A dark cork drifting by some distance out made a focal point in the general yellow and gave an appearance of clearance. Once, parading the deck prison as the man on watch—there was nothing to do but to keep a good look-out and ring the bell at intervals—I made sure I should be the harbinger of good tidings to those below playing cards. A dim line appeared to starboard, and gradually became definite, like a coast showing through a thinning haze. They all came up to watch it. The coast got higher and darker; and then suddenly changed into a long wide trail of floating cin-

ders. The fog curtains moved closer than ever again. We were the centre of a dead world, and our own place a quiet and narrow tomb. Our scared neighbors of the night before seemed to have gone. But presently an invisible boat near us, hilariously lachrymose, produced in a series of horrible moans from her steam tooter the tunes of "Auld Lang Syne" and "Home Sweet Home." A hidden river audience shouted with cheerful laughter. It quite brightened us to hear the prisoners jolly in the next cell. But for the rest of the day the place was mute, the fog deepened to ochre at evening, then became black, excepting where the riding lights made circles of luminous gauze. Every miserable watcher who came down that night, muffled and frost-sparkled, for a drink of hot coffee, just drank it and went on deck again without a word. There was no need to ask him anything.

The next morning came suffused through the same dense cloud, which still drifted by on a light air, interminable. Our prison seemed shorter than ever. Once only that day a fancied clearance showed our skipper a lane on the water. He up-anchored and moved on a hundred yards. The mute river rang immediately with a tumult of bells.

We had a perishable cargo, we were ready to take any chance sooner than stay where we were, so when a deck hand on the third morning came down with the thawing fog dripping from his moustache, and told the skipper it was clearing a little, everybody tumbled up to station at once.

I saw from the *Speedwell* as rare and unearthly a picture as will ever fall to my lot. The bluish twilight of dawn seemed to radiate from our vessel's sides, revealing, through the thinning veil, a vague, still world without floor, ceiling or walls. There was no water, except a small oval on which the *Speed-*

well sat like a show model on glass; no sky, and no horizon.

The cosmos was grouped about our centre, inert, voiceless, full of unawakened surprising shapes, such as we could not have dreamed of; those near to us more approaching our former experiences, those on the increasing outer radii diminishing in the opaque dawn to grotesque indeterminate things, beyond all remembrance and recognition. We only were substantial and definite. But placed about us, suspended in translucent night, were the vertical shadows of what once were ships, but were steamers and sailers without substance now, shrouded spectres that had left the wrecks of their old hulls below, their voyages finished, and had been raised to our level in a new place boundless and serene, with the inconceivable profundities beneath; and there we kept them suspended on one plane by superior gravity and body, as though we were the sun of this new system in the heavens. Above them was void, and beyond were the blind distances of the outer world, and below the abyss of space still. Their lights reached out and gathered to our centre, an incoming of shining ropes, the spiritual mooring lines.

Our cable, crawling upwards through the hawse pipe, shattered the spell; and when our hooter warned that we were moving, a wild pealing commenced which continued all the long slow drift down to Gravesend. Eight miles of ships, and no doubt we commenced far from the end of the procession. Barges, colliers, liners, clippers, ghost after ghost shaped ahead and glided astern. Several times the fog thickened again, but the skipper never took way off her while he could make a course with the sight of a ship ahead, for our cargo could not be trifled with, our vessel was small, and our captain had nerves of iron. We drifted stern first on the flood, with half turns of the propeller

for steering purchase, till a boatman told us we were off Gravesend. I took no more risks. That boat was exactly what I was longing for.

It was something to have the steady paving-stones under one's feet again.

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You would never imagine how lovely are naphtha flares in the fog, and the dingy people in the muddy ways, and the houses which are always in the same place. It was substance at last, and security.

H. M. Tomlinson.

THE LORD OF THE PIGEONS.

IV.

OF THE FINDING OF THE TREASURE.

Know that this Château of Aumur was built upon a great hill, which riseth from the north gently towards the gray walls; but, upon the southern battlements, one standing could throw a stone and hear it crash into the tree tops five hundred feet below. Paths up these southerly heights were there none save for the surest of foot, and even by these was the cliff, in many places, held unscaleable.

Here, hanging over the green branches of he forest, like a peregrine in his eyry, sat Pierre of the Scar, dangling his long legs over three hundred feet of nothingness. He had dined well upon venison, the day was fine, he was, in the main, well-favored toward the world. Yet he had one thing upon which to ponder. For he had received at his door, that morn, none else than the Lord Thibaut, who had put before him the matter of service at the castle. To this he had some mind, but he had objected to his lord that he, a married man, did by no means desire to leave his wife.

Thibaut had said "Ha!" three times. He could surely have forced Pierre to his service, but that was not his way with real men. Wherefore he, seeking the willing obedience of his big vassal, had answered that a place among the women of the castle might be found for her. This, however, would Pierre in no way allow, for he thought the Château no dwelling for

proper women, nor did he hesitate to say so. At which saying Thibaut had laughed, and, after commanding Jeanne to come forward for appraisement, told his man that indeed she would be in no danger, and that, though to his knowledge she had been the Helen of the late rising, yet he could not wholly commend the taste of his lamented uncle, who, indeed, was in dotage when death mercifully delivered him. But the matter of body service was pressed no more, Thibaut riding away in some slight chagrin. He would, doubtless, find means, without compulsion (for that was his curious whim), to change Pierre's resolution. By making his farm of little profit to the knave did the Lord of Aumur hope to win his way, and, at the same time divert himself to some small extent.

Now, as Pierre sat, pondering these things, and looking up, and down, and about, his glance fell upon that which drove all things else from his mind. Thrust stiffly from an over-hanging ledge fifty feet above was a clenched hand, and Pierre stood up, straining his eyes, in great amaze at the prodigy. Strange indeed he thought it, this hand grasping at the wind which flowed up the castle heights, and, moved by its strangeness, he aimed at the closer beholding of it. So unto the right along the narrow shelf he sidled most cautiously, and thereby came very near unto his death, for the rotten,

weathered rock broke away from his foot. "Twas indeed well for him that he was strong; all his great strength being needed to draw him back to safety again. Then to the left he essayed passage, but again was no way of ascent. Leading most perilously from one of the lower ledges, at length he found a path, and, after much travail of hard climbing, reached the place of his seeking.

There lay a body, half in, half out of a little cave which gave upon the cliff-face, and in the shadow further back he dimly saw another. The rags of clothing fluttered ghastly in the thin breeze, the fleshless face stared grimly into the blue; upon the skull a shrewd sword-cut had done violence. Out of all knowledge had the birds of the air torn the face, but well Pierre knew the body; Adelbert, the German steward of Aumur, had been no friend of his. Nor upon turning over the second man did he find one that he loved; bow-legged Michel, body servant to the younger son of the old Baron, had once brought him a whipping. And now, here they lay beyond his hate or their friends' love.

Pierre, having examined these two poor remnants, passed into the cavern. Deep he knew it was, for he heard his footsteps echo back from afar in the bowels of the hill. Very cautiously, therefore, he went, fearing pitfalls in the black darkness. Yet not so warily but that, some twenty paces from the entrance, he fell over that which, as his foot stumbled against it, he knew was a wooden box. Of a sudden, a thought came into his mind which set his heart beating thickly, and, the blood humming in his ears, he tried to drag this chest unto the light; but it was too heavy a burden even for such strength as his. Therefore, still in darkness, he felt for the crack of the lid, and having found it, opened the box with ease, for it was unlocked.

And putting his hand within, he felt that which he had expected to find; that which, cold itself, yet warmth the heart of any man: the chill of broad pieces against his finger-tips. A double handful he clutched, and, careless of what spilled ringing to the floor, stumbled, blind with great joy, to the light of the cave-mouth. Verily, it was gold. The treasure of Aumur had been found.

Pierre came suddenly into his right mind again as the mist of evening began to trickle heavily among the tree-tops below his perch. This cliff was no place for climbing by night. So setting aside speculation, he addressed himself to the finding of footholds and hand-grips, for he had no mind to die now that within his grasp lay the wherewithal to easy living. One thing was sure. It was no part of his plan to render up his secret unto the rightful owner of the treasure. Upon silence he was resolute.

As he walked homeward through the darkling woods, he decided wisely upon his course of action. He would not attempt to move the chest from where it lay. For what place could be more secure? It was evident that the present Lord had no knowledge of the secret ways in the solid rock beneath the keep. He would, God willing, die a graybeard without coming to that knowledge. Unless Pierre led him thereto. At which pleasant and fantastical idea, Pierre slapped his jingling wallet and smiled comfortably. So he would take some store, a matter of pockets full, to bury beneath his hearth against a turn of fortune, drawing upon the chest as present need arose.

This problem of disposal solved, came a second, but of a philosophic interest merely: the chances which had left the treasure of Aumur abandoned in a cave in the cliff-face, without any guard save only the poor defence of

two dead men. Upon this Pierre worked acutely. He retraced the happenings of that red night of revenge, and put these memories to his recent discovery. And thus he saw how it had befallen. How that this cavern was the outlet of some secret passage which led down from the castle dungeons to the little lip of rock upon which lay Adelbert stark. How that old Thibaut and his second son, taking Adelbert and Michel to help in the portage of the chest, slew them upon the ledge when the work was done, that there might be no witness of the hiding-place. How that, even in the dark, these two had then dared safely the peril of the cliff, and how, as was known to all, they had perished in the wood. Thinking of these things, Pierre came at length unto his home, where, wise man, he said no word unto Jeanne, his wife, as to what had that day befallen.

V.

OF THE IDLESSE OF MY LORD.

Spring flowed goldenly into breathless summer, a summer which ere it fell hung heavily upon the hands of Thibaut, Lord of Aumur. In hunting and hawking by day, in drinking and gaming by night, he sought solace for his tired soul. Even, to pass the time, he laid languid siege to the cold heart of Léon's sister, the fair Rosalys of Chateurenard. But none of these pursuits brought surcease of that *malaise* which rusted his spirit. All, indeed, went too well with him for his true satisfaction. He fell into that state which led, later in history, to the pleasing diversions of bull-baiting and cock-fighting, the toys of aberrant fancy. In such a mood, Thibaut's friends found him scarcely more agreeable than his enemies. For, in the tickling of his acid humor, he was not sparing of malicious devices even to those he liked well. Rosalys had

fancies for a gallant who would fawn and flatter; who, at her word, would pluck the beard of the King of Barbary, who would dare Cerberus, would make all Hades smoke, bring, for her fair sake, discord into Heaven. And so Thibaut, while impishly feigning these ardors, these most champion transports of amorous folly, yet showed plainly to her that it was but feigning. Wherefore she took much chagrin, and balanced in affections between liking and hatred of him. Which condition hath proved many a heart's undoing.

Perigny himself, a most exact churchman, he scandalized by bitter quarrels with my Lord Bishop, and angered by adroitly dragging him, for friendship's sake, into the trouble, whereby Perigny earned the lifelong distrust of Holy Church. Aumur's wretched vassals ran like rabbits to their burrows when Thibaut, clad in black and scarlet—which colors he affected chiefly for their pride—swept with his train through the village streets. He incurred, also, the displeasure of his friend and beloved brother, the Lord of Gesny, in that he made free with that which should by no means be free, while Gesny and his lady tarried at Aumur. And in proving to this monster of jealousy that his fair spouse had been much maligned, many of the villagers of Aumur took broken crowns in loyal and loving service under the banner of the Cat. This shallow fool Gesny, however, was too soon satisfied of wrongful suspicion, and Thibaut was hard put to it for further occupation. In an ill day for an honest farmer, his thoughts turned toward Pierre of the Scar. To annoy and bait this spirited rogue would be a noble and interesting diversion.

So it came to pass that when the time turned toward harvest and the wheat was gold in the ear, Pierre came

one blue afternoon to his door in time to see a driven deer cleave a lane through his ripened field; a lane which the hunt, brave in scarlet and green, outshining the rainbow, widened under two-score horses' hooves to a fair pleasure, wherein four carriages might, with room to spare, drive abreast. Then the cavalcade, Thibaut at the head, swept shouting upward along the rise of the common toward the fringe of the forest, and Pierre went wrathfully down to cast his eye upon the wreck.

On his return he found his woman, Jeanne, weeping in the doorway.

"Oh, beasts without mercy!" she cried. "For their wanton pleasure goeth our garnering. And in a poor week cometh the tax-gatherer. Ill befall the day when the Cat goeth mousing."

"Peace, my heart," answered Pierre. "I have saved thee from the claws of the old Cat; trust me, then, to win through with the young one. An I err not widely, Thibaut hath no ill-regard of me. But he would amuse himself. Why then, let him. I tell thee, chuck, doth he ride down our crop to the last blade, we will know no pinch in the coming winter."

"Why, then, wert thou angered?" demanded Jeanne, shrewdly.

"At the wanton waste of it," answered Pierre. "Be thou easy, wife. this is but my lord's play. And I, why, I play too. Come, cheerly—cheerly!"

So Thibaut, coming in the evening to discover how had prospered his most humorous invention, was much amazed that he met no sullenness, nor aught that could plumb him the depths of Pierre's annoy. To add insult to hurt also had Thibaut come, but his satiric present found ready and smiling acceptance. He came with André the forester, and Pierre, in good coun-

tenance, bowed and wished his lordship good den.

Thibaut was silken of speech, but under each smooth word was the steel of his antic cruelty. It grieved him that Pierre had suffered from his friends that morn, the more so as tax-day came apace.

So he did not mean to forgo the tax. What did he think a poor devil was to do? Pierre did not give tongue to these ideas, but instead, "The tax will be paid, my lord," he said.

Thus robbed he of the sting which hid, wasp-like, in the tail of Thibaut's speech.

Now passed Thibaut on to more pleasantry. He said that, out of his strict sense of justice, and in consideration of the forenoon's accident, he, knowing Pierre's taste for venison, had made bold to bring a haunch for his good rascal's acceptance.

Pierre thanked him, wished him success in his future hunting, hinted that his cornfield was always at the disposal of his good lord, and that he would feel pleased and honored each time the hunt deigned to pass through it. He lauded his master's justice and mercy, until Thibaut, in high temper at such openly feigned humility, bade André in the devil's name give the fellow the haunch and let them depart. For, oh, monstrous! this rogue was laughing at him, the Haut Baron of Aumur and Abreull.

Thus in anger did he ride away, swearing beneath his breath. Nor was it till his horse's hooves clattered on the stones of the causeway before the great gates of the Château that he took proper scorn to himself for his anger. What? Had he then expected Pierre's resolution to fall at the first sally? Of what use to bait a knave of such soft fibre? What vast disappointment had it been had Pierre been broken! Surely in wrath Thibaut would have hanged him. This vil-

lain's cringing submission would have set his wits to work again seeking for a new game. Whereas now, what zest did not his insolence give to the thinking out of new devices? So the Lord of Aumur cheered himself, and laughed as he dismounted in the court-yard.

And Pierre, looking after his lord and André, black against the gold over the ridge, chuckled as he thought of the treasure of Aumur, and, going within, fell to upon his evening meal, at peace with the world, confident against the subtleties which wicked men are wont to practise upon the ease of the just. As Jeanne busied herself about the table, he caught her round the knees and looked up, laughing, into her face.

"Kiss me, O my heart," he said. "Lucky thou, to find a husband of wit. Shalt wear silk afore thy death-day."

She bent and kissed the scar upon his head. "Thou witless thing," she answered. "Would I could see the ending of to-day's work."

"Poppet," laughed Pierre, "have no fear!"

VI.

OF THE JOYOUS PLAY BETWEEN THIBAUT AND HIS VASSAL.

Twice, then, did the hunt tread down the wheat of Pierre of the Scar—the once while it stood, as has been related, and the second time while in the sheaves, whereby Pierre was spared much time and labor in the threshing. But ever Pierre smiled, and Thibaut wondered greatly thereat, still more admiring how the fellow paid his taxes. And yet again was matter of bewilderment: that this sturdy rascal had always the wherewithal for a cup of wine in the village inn. That he had hoarded any wealth under the beneficent rule of the late Baron, Thibaut did not think likely. So my lord's pique led him on to devise new plays. And, plain for all

men to see, Pierre's sense of honor done unto him by this unflagging interest of the Baron's mightily uplifted his pride; while, not so plain, the treasure of Aumur warmed his hearth and his back.

A root-crop could not be so greatly damaged by the trampling of horses—at least, the damage was not so pleasantly patent to Thibaut, connoisseur in destruction. Beside, what pride could a nobleman take in the mashing of vulgar turnips? The swish of the ripe wheat, the trampled lane behind the rider, were pleasant to hear and to look upon. But the dull turnip! *Morbleu!* Ungraceful, *banal* turnip!

Wherefore, when Pierre put in his root-crop, Thibaut cudgelled his malicious wit, cursing the season which no longer would be host to the golden wheat. How to damage, how to discourage these vile vegetables? Quickly he hit the mark: one can but admire his ingenuity.

For Léon Perigny, among other monkish vices, was a hunter of antiquities; as ill content to allow a Roman coin or flint arrow-head peaceful to rest in the earth, as was Thibaut to permit the same boon to Pierre's turnips. And Aumur, working upon this shallow foppishness with some tale of a Roman camp of old which had lain under the hill, backed with a certain derivation, as: *Altum murum—Haut mur—Aumur*—the former distinctly a Roman name—readily egged on his friend to research within his domains. So for a month Perigny surveyed Thibaut's estate, helped by the lord thereof, who, in good sooth, proved himself a *savant* of much enthusiasm and good direction. For, indeed, it was Thibaut himself who at last discovered that the *Prætorium* of his ancient camp undoubtedly stood where now, by the grace of God, flourished those loathsome turnips of Pierre.

They flourished no longer. An army of forced labor descended upon the farm, and Pierre's field was dug, under the able direction of Perigny, as it had never been dug before. It was unfortunate that early in his operations the scientist really found one bronze coin, for the discovery heartened him to such purpose that before he gave up the search, a pit some fifty paces wide and almost as deep yawned in the centre of the unhappy holding. Only the solid rock stopped excavation which would have opened Tartarus, for Perigny was very earnest and thorough in his follies. Indeed, led on by that battered denarius, he wished to explore all the farms on the estate, and to level the village inn; but here the discretion of Thibaut was forced to intervene. Whereat Perigny, his antiquarian ardor cruelly checked, departed on the tail of winter to his Château, declaiming against all friendships, which, quoth he, were light things and disappointing, and unworthy the deep thought of serious men. In such temper was he as causeth many damsels to give themselves to the Church—though what good the Church takes in the acquirement of sulky baggages it is full hard to see.

Thibaut condoled with his ill-used vassal, and craftily—with an eye to his future amusement—offered to have the villagers fill up the pit. But Pierre, now heartily entering into the spirit of the proceedings, besought his lord to take no concern about the matter. For he had now, he declared, the noblest cockpit in all France; he would take delight in fighting many a man therein. He would plant his wheat about the pit in the remaining acreage. But one thing truly grieved him: that the noble friends of Thibaut must hunt with caution in future lest their august necks be broken in crossing his humble field. With humility and reverence in his face, and laughter

in his sleeve, the varlet thus delivered himself. And so Thibaut, as his taxes were still marvellously paid, had perforce to send ferrets into the darkest furrows of his brain to have out its inmost mischief.

It was while on a visit to Chateaurenard that his new idea came to him. He sat one evening upon the terrace with Léon and the fair Rosalys, idly watching the sun set over Perigny's broad domain. A cloudless sky, a gleam of water among far-off trees, the shrill song of an early cigala from the grass—all the gentle influences of a spring evening attuned his heart to a poetic melancholy. It was, after all, inexpressibly sad, this living. Why could one never possess all one's desire? Not of Rosalys was his thought,—she, he knew, was his for the asking. But that unspeakable varlet, Pierre, troubled his noble spirit. How to crush his stubborn soul; to make him cry "enough"; to bring him fawning to the feet of his proper lord. Why, the rogue laughed in his face. These casual harassments still left him cheerful, slid from his merriment like rain from sloping eaves. Thibaut longed for some continual device, which, like the bottomless urns of the Daughters of Danaos, should work from day to day and from dawn to dusk. And then, as though in answer to his wish, an immense flock of pigeons whirred overhead homing to their cote behind the Château.

Léon frowned. "They multiply," he said. "Morbleu! how they multiply! It is too much; the farmers complain. Rosalys, I cannot give in longer to your fancies. The rents find themselves put off unpaid. Thus it runs: 'I cannot, my lord, this week. The pigeons eat the sprouting grain.' . . . 'A little time, my lord, the pigeons—' Always the pigeons! Bah! It is too much. We must kill some. To-morrow then, I tell Simon."

"In good sooth, brother," answered Rosalys, "do as thou wilt. They indeed multiply and as for me, I cannot love so many." Thus she spake to impress upon Thibaut the sweet obedience of her sisterhood.

But he—oh, strange, when killing was toward—pleaded for the birds' lives. As for the *canaille*, let them complain.

Léon was firm. He did not love the *canaille* more than did his brother of Aumur, but he had more love for lucre. The taxes must be considered before the pleasure of annoying the farmers. The pigeons, therefore, should undoubtedly perish.

Thibaut pulled at his lip. "If it must be, my Léon, that thou shouldst rid thyself of them, why not give them to me? I love them well, the beautiful birds, and—they may amuse my Pierre. A thousand! Two thousand! *Bien!* They multiply. I will send my rascals with carts and baskets. I will build dove-cotes. Yea; as many as thou canst spare."

Léon waved his page to him. "Sirrah," he said languidly, "thou hearest what my lord saith. Tell Simon, then, to catch the birds. Go." He rose from his seat. "Come, Thibaut, let us in. The air grows chill."

The Pall Mall Magazine.

(To be concluded.)

THE CONSOLATIONS OF SCIENCE.

Philosophers in all ages have felt themselves called upon to take up the challenge which death throws down to man. "We are wrong to fear it," said Socrates, "for it is, perhaps, our greatest good on earth." To Epicurean as to Stoic the fear or hatred of death was plainly opposed to right reason. "Death is nothing to us," says Epicurus in his "Maxims," "for he who is once dissolved into his elements is incapable of

feeling, and that which is not felt is nothing to us." So in a long series of philosophic testimony to Schopenhauer, "After us is nothing, and, therefore, why should we disturb ourselves about what comes after us? Is it not just as irrational as to fear that which was before us? The nothing which lies in wait for us, and the nothing which preceded us, are of the same value." Always the same misunder-

Thibaut touched Perigny's shoulder, glancing at Rosalys, who blushed. For now she learned this ruddy trick of love; her heart was no longer ice.

"Brother," quoth he of Aumur, "while thy vein is giving, I have still another thing to beg of thee."

"It is thine," conceded Perigny, magnificently. "What is it?"

"Nay," answered Thibaut, "not now. This night, at thy leisure, Léon."

So, at Perigny's leisure over the cards and the cups was it settled that the Lord of Aumur in Gascony and of Abreuil in Bretagne should on, the fall of August, wed with Rosalys of Chateaurenard. Right glad indeed was Perigny, for there was no man living, he said, to whom he would part more readily with aught in his gift. Over the loving-cup he said it, and Thibaut acknowledged the compliment as be-fitted.

"And now," declared he, "I return at daybreak to-morrow to Aumur, my Léon. My men shall bring wagons ere night for the pigeons."

"The pigeons?" cried Perigny. "What pigeons? Ah, yes—of course. I had forgotten." He looked at Thibaut curiously. "Eh, bien, Thibaut! Thou art a droll lover."

Howard Ashton.

standing, the same humorous spectacle, reason seeking to confute a human sentiment! The real fear of death, as distinguished from the sorrow of bereavement, is not to any large extent the dread of physical dissolution. Those who know most of death scenes on the sick bed or in battle testify to the fortitude and even the indifference with which the approaching end is nearly always met. With dissolving strength of body comes a loss of feeling, and when death comes in the just order of nature as the close of a full life it is rather welcomed than shunned.

It is the loss of continuous personality which is the true source of dread. How strangely the sophism of Epicurus sounds to the keenly-feeling European of to-day! "That which is not felt is nothing to us"! Yes, but the shadow of this negation falling before him strikes chill upon the spirit of the yet warm-feeling man, the abhorrence from this passage to a state of not feeling. It is for this that Western religions have striven to feed with convincing images a belief in personal immortality, and it is the fading of these images, among so many who have lost confidence in the traditional religions, that is a secret cause of so much sorrow and anguish among men and women of all classes. For it is not merely the "intellectuals" who have undergone this loss of confidence in personal immortality; a certain sceptical spirit of the age, not clearly rational in form, has busily sapped the faith of the common people. It is less the rejection of a creed than the fading of a vision. The future life is becoming unsubstantial, unreal, for the modern man. There is, we think, a wide recognition of the fact among the leaders of thought to-day, and divines are beginning to recast their theology, philosophers to repair their cosmic teaching, scientists to make new contributions to alleviate the heart-ache which proceeds

from a weakening belief in personal immortality. To find satisfactions for keen desires is the actual work to which all the intellectual and spiritual processes set themselves, and so long as the passion for personal immortality survives, religion, philosophy, science, and art will find it food. The juggling of spiritualism, the more pretentious refinements of psychical research, the speculative physics of Dr. Lodge, the personalism and pragmatism of the school of philosophy which Professor James so brilliantly represents, not to speak of the New Theology, are all largely motivated, consciously or sub-consciously, by this pain of frustrated personality in modern man. It is the sentimental demand for personal continuity beyond the dissolution of the body that gives the leading interest to these speculative studies.

The latest accession is the consolation of biology. "The Philosophy of Long Life," by M. Flot (John Lane) is an endeavor by a learned Frenchman to furnish what he terms a new hope of immortality by expounding the doctrine of the animate solidarity of the universe, as attested by a gathering volume of evidence from several sciences. It seeks, first, following the researches of Professor Mechanikoff and other biologists, to show what science can do to substitute a natural for an unnatural death. If every one was sufficiently well born and bred, and worked and lived under such favorable conditions as to live out in vigor his full term of human life, death would have lost its sting; for the gradually waning life, death would become a desired haven of repose, and even the sorrow of friends would be assuaged by the sense of completeness which attended such a passing. It is, indeed, a just pride of science that the joint efforts of modern therapeutics, hygiene, and sanitation have, by the large reduction of infantile mortality and the

successful defence of adult life against diseases which carried off so many of our ancestors in the prime of life, not merely lengthened the average duration of life, but sensibly lightened the burden of anguish felt for those prematurely snatched from us. Here, indeed, is one of the most unquestionable gains of modern civilization. This is a right "return to Nature," to make death no more than the dropping off of a fully-ripened life. Secure for everyone his full right of life, then surely it would come to pass that "No one should consider death or think of it as worse than going from one room to another."

But when Science passes from this legitimate consolation to reconstitute upon a basis of universal animation a doctrine of bodily immortality which shall replace that personal survival which most men crave for themselves, and almost all for those who on this earth are dear to them, a curious crassness of feeling seems to cloud her vision. M. Finot gathers, indeed, from a variety of modern scientific sources a most stimulating array of witnesses, physical, chemical, botanical, and biological, to establish the conception of a unity of Nature suffused throughout by a single spirit of life, organic, animate, conscious, even purposive, with differences only of degree and of complexity. The behavior of crystals, the creative unions of chemical elements, the cellular theory of metals, the laboratory imitations of animal chemistry, the researches of Messrs. Loeb and others on the borderland between the animate and the supposed inanimate, the experiments in the comparative conduct of metals, vegetable and animal fibre under the same stimuli, though not yet enabling us to bridge experimentally the gulf between "dead" and "living" matter, certainly go far towards sustaining the spiritual monism or universal continuity towards which sheer

logic has inclined most philosophers. The confident assertion of Seneca, "Exigua pars est vitae quam nos vivimus," is certainly in process of ever clearer corroboration. The old rigid barriers between the inorganic and the organic, the insensate and the sensitive, the unconscious and the conscious, can no longer be maintained. But to convert this interesting speculation of the unity of cosmic life into a gospel of personal consolation for those called upon to face death for themselves, or for those dear to them, surely betrays a strange obtuseness to the emotional verities. "The intimate ties which unite the exterior world, men, plants, animals, inert and organic matter, are shown most plainly in the phenomena of the life which is common to all. Our return to the earth is thus only a return to the universal life, to the supreme energy which binds up all things in an indissoluble chain. Beyond this life, beyond its incongruous appearances, immortality engulfs, reforms, and rejuvenates in its breast, vast as the universe, all the partial eclipses of life. All things return there, and with indefatigable power are reborn into the sunlight." Nothing perishes. With the dissolution of the body is the accompanying dissolution of the soul passing into many smaller souls or into new psychic combinations as real, as purposeful, as valuable, in the continuous career of Nature, as that for which they are released by the death and decay of the human frame.

Whether this doctrine be true or not, it is not new, but a curious interest attaches to the eager confidence of the author that the acceptance of this cosmic immortality will satisfy the craving for personal survival after death, and will satisfactorily replace the consolations of outworn religious creeds. Is it, indeed, possible that the scientific attitude towards life will in time produce such a re-orientation of the emo-

tions that men will lose all the special value they attribute now to the unique phenomenon of personality, content to merge the sense of self into that belonging to the cosmos, or to any fragment of it, with complete complacency? For the biologist to see in death "only a new form of life" is reasonable enough, for that is what it is from the standpoint of his study. But for him to suppose that this fragmentary resurrection can satisfy the passionate affections which gather round a loved personality of a parent, a child, a friend, is surely an amazing testimony to the sterilizing influence of science when detached from life. Among the many modes of sentimentalism that have arisen in modern times, the scientific sentimentalism of such a passage as the following deserves interested recognition: "And the dying man, while commanding his soul to Heaven, will salute with one of his last smiles the mysterious properties, the unknown

joys, and the travelling company of his numerous descendants which await him in the tomb." Considering that the whole course of civilization, at any rate in the Western world, has gone to strengthen the conception of individual personality, and to intensify its emotional value, no theory of death, biological or other, which fails to make provision for continuity of this central personality, at any rate in its psychical character, seems likely to afford any real consolation to man in his deepest sorrow. The notion of man ever attaining such a "centre of indifference" that in the literal sense "all is one to him," and the spirits of the human beings who have lived in the closest circle of his interests and affections are equally valued by him when conceived as animating millions of little, scattered, unknown forms, is surely the wildest imagination to which the mind of man has ever committed itself.

The Nation.

A WEEK-END IN THE COUNTRY.

"Why not come down" (wrote George), "and spend a week-end with us? We're all alone. The country is looking lovely just now, and it will do you all the good in the world. Fresh air and exercise are what you Londoners want. There is a good train at 2.30."

"The very thing," I said to myself, and I wired, "*Coming by the two-thirty.*" At two-thirty four I wired again, "*Coming by the five-nine.*" How it was I missed the 5.9, I cannot explain, but it was not until half-past ten that I arrived at last.

"Not at all," said George in reply to my apologies. "Afraid you didn't see much of the country coming up from the station, though. Never mind; you're staying till Tuesday, aren't

you? That's good. Breakfast at ten."

It was a glorious morning when I woke for the first time at four. At six and at eight it was still delightful, and I congratulated myself on my escape from London. However, I only just managed to get down to breakfast by ten.

George turned up twenty minutes later.

"Glorious day, isn't it?" he said. "We must have a good walk. Hallo, here's Muriel. You know my sister, don't you?"

"Good morning," said Muriel. "Isn't it a glorious day? Polly down yet, George?"

"She's having breakfast upstairs. She's going to church, though."

"Yes, I'm going with her."

"That's right. Now then, old man, what would you like to do about church?"

"Well," I said doubtfully, "of course one *can* always go to church in London."

"Just as you like, you know. The carriage is going. And the ladies would love to have you."

"Rather," said Muriel. "Gracious, we must fly."

I looked at the beautiful day again. . . . and helped myself to another cup.

"You'd better go without us," said George to Muriel. "We haven't finished breakfast yet. Tell you what, though—we're going a good walk, so we might call for you, and all come back together through the woods."

"That's an idea," I said heartily.

After breakfast we went into the library. I began to fill a pipe.

"That's rather a jolly book," said George, picking one off the table. "You might have a look at it some time."

"I've heard about it," I said, looking at the title, "I know it's good"; and I began to dip into it.

"What a perfect day," said George at the window, yawning and stretching himself; "I must just write a letter, though."

I turned back to the first page. . . . It was really a very jolly book. . . .

"Hallo," said George, "they're back from church. We shall have to do our walk this afternoon, old man. How's the book?"

"Heavens," I cried, "it's one o'clock. I had no idea."

"Well, come and have some lunch. What a wonderful day! About this afternoon—would you like to go up through the woods, or shall we get down to the sea?"

"Don't mind a bit," I said cheerfully, and went to lunch. . . .

"What do you generally do on a Sunday after lunch?" said George as we lit our cigars.

"In London I generally go to sleep," I confessed.

"So do I," said George. "Try the sofa in the library, won't you? You'll find it quite comfortable, and then you won't be bothered by the ladies."

We all met at tea in the drawing-room.

"Tea outside is so uncomfortable, don't you think?" said Mrs. George. "You're three lumps, aren't you? Isn't it a perfect day?"

"Perfect," we all agreed.

"I hope it will be fine to-morrow," said George, as he gave me my candle that night. "You've hardly seen the country yet. We might have the car out—unless you'd rather walk?"

"Walking would be better for us, I suppose?"

"By Jove, yes; you Londoners want exercise. I'll tell you what. We'll go out in the car and take lunch with us, and then the ladies can drive back, and you and I will walk. How's that?"

"Ripping," I said.

Monday was another glorious day, from four o'clock onwards. I was down all right at ten, and so was George's sister.

"What are you men thinking of doing to-day?" she asked, when I had got going on the fish.

"George said something about all going out in the car."

"That will be jolly. It's very pretty round here, isn't it?"

"I haven't seen it yet," I said. "I've hardly been outside the house."

"George must take you round before we start."

When this was repeated to George half-an-hour later he was enthusiastic. "Come on," he said, as soon as he had finished his breakfast; and I followed him out.

"This," he said, as we stepped from the library on to the lawn, "is where

we generally play croquet. A jolly game, I always think."

"Oh, rather."

"Do you play much? Well, then, don't you agree with me that it's a mistake for the man who goes first not to have a shot at the hoop?"

"It's rather risky," I began, "because—"

"Well, now, I don't think so. I'd back myself to do it any time. Look here, we might just have a game and then I'd show you what I mean. Would you like to?"

"Rather; I'm always ready for croquet." . . .

"We must have another," said George, an hour and a-half later. "You didn't get any of the luck." . . . "And a conqueror," he added half an hour afterwards. "The balls just went right for you that time."

"What a perfect day," said Mrs. George at lunch. "How's the croquet?"

"We're just playing the conqueror," said George. "Jove, it's hot. I've never known such a day."

We finished the third game (which George won), and came in for a drink.

"It's all eye," said George. "Same as at billiards. If you can smack 'em at one you can smack 'em at the other."

"Well, I can't smack 'em at billiards," I sighed.

"Nonsense! Really? I wonder what I could give you? Do you care for a game? Come on, then."

Punch.

Muriel came into the billiard-room about four.

"Billiards—on a day like this!" she exclaimed.

"It's clouding over a bit now," said George, as he chalked his cue . . . "That takes me out, I think."

"Why don't you play a sociable game for four?" said Muriel.

"Bridge?" said George. "Well, get Polly then. And we'll have tea in here."

"Do you play Bridge much?" Muriel asked me.

"I love it," I said truthfully.

"So do I," she said, and she went off for Polly . . .

At about seven o'clock, "No trumps," said George. "Ah, I thought so," he added. "It's begun to rain."

We all looked out of the window. "What a pity!" we all said.

"Spoilt your week-end rather," said George.

"Oh, no, I've had a perfectly ripping time," I protested.

"Still if it had kept fine— You know, in the country one does want—"

"Must you go early to-morrow?" said Muriel.

"I'm afraid so."

"Well, you must come again, that's all," said Mrs. George kindly.

"And come when it's fine," said George, "and get a little country air and exercise. Do you all the good in the world."

A. A. M.

THE ARMED PEACE IN EUROPE.

The meeting of the Tsar and the Kaiser off Björkö seems by common consent unlikely to make any change in the political situation in Europe. The attack on the Woodburn might, indeed, cause serious trouble with Great Britain but for the Anglo-Russian under-

standing, coupled with our experience of Russian nervousness on the Doggerbank in 1904. Putting aside this deplorable incident, it is hard to see that the meeting can have much immediate significance. No doubt both Sovereigns were attended by an imposing

retinue of Ministers; and even were these absent, more business can be done at interviews between chiefs of States, each of whom is his own Foreign Minister, than when one is the official head of a Republic or a constitutional king. Nicholas II., again, is known to be peculiarly susceptible to the influence of the latest adviser, and it may be remembered that at previous meetings with the Kaiser—notably, that of Björkë in 1905—he received and acted upon the advice of Wilhelm II. Still, we see no reason to doubt the German semi-official explanations, echoed as they are in Vienna and supported in the Russian Press. It is only natural that the Tsar should wish to see a sovereign with whom he is closely connected by ties of blood and by common interests, and whom he cannot very well visit on land. The meeting was of his seeking, and the Russian Liberal Press has hastened to point out that even if the Tsar were induced to give way to German and Austrian aspirations in the Near East, he could not afford to run counter to the universal feelings of the Slav race. The interview may so far improve the situation as to modify the unpleasant impressions left by the recent diplomatic triumph of Germany and Austria-Hungary over Slav aspirations in Southern Europe. It is easy, of course, to raise apprehensions as to the stability of the Russian understanding with Great Britain and France. But no ruler of Russia can now afford to disregard the feeling of the Russian people, or, at least, of that part of it which is politically active, and that section is decidedly in favor of the Western Powers. Moreover, even were the interview to weaken the triple understanding, it would be effectively counteracted by the coming visit of the Tsar in August to the French President at Havre and to Edward VII. at Cowes. But a better reason for rejecting such apprehen-

sions is afforded by the state of Europe.

What points are likely in the near future to concern the Powers jointly, and how far are they likely to lead to divergence? The Morocco question is, happily, for the present, put outside the danger-zone. The Congo question is a cloud on the horizon, which has been made a little more menacing by the suggestion of the King of the Belgians at the close of the Antwerp festivities that Belgian capitalists may be induced to provide their country with a mercantile marine out of the profits of fresh concessions to be granted them in the Congo colony. But this at present is hardly practical politics, and the King's eulogies of the potentialities of the colony are not likely to be confirmed for some years to come. Besides, though Belgium might conceivably find supporters in a crisis which, after all, will probably be averted, the fate of the Congo natives is not likely to concern Europe as a whole. The Baltic Agreement of last April has so completely removed the Swedish suspicions of Russian aggression in the Aland Islands that the Tsar is sure of a cordial reception at Stockholm, and the Rigsdag has almost unanimously refused to allow the Socialists to raise a debate which might offend the Imperial guest. The succession to the throne of the Netherlands is, happily, safe for the present, and the Dutch elections have assured the continuance of a stable, though, unfortunately, reactionary, Ministry for a time long enough to allow of an amendment to the Constitution, which will prevent the anticipated dangers from recurring in the same form. No doubt the Near East is still full of dangers, but on these both Germany and Russia are drawn different ways at once. It has been their interest in the past to support a decaying régime. It was the interest of Russia, at any rate, to look on at its decay. Now that an unexpected revolution has opened

a new era, it is obviously to her advantage to stand well with the new rulers, and not to promote a crisis which would set up new and unpredictable difficulties, or provoke a strong Mohammedan reaction against all Western influences. The Cretan question, no doubt, is menacing, owing to the promise of the protecting Powers last autumn to withdraw their troops, and to the impatience of the Greek Cretans to effect the union of the island with Greece. Were this done, the members of the Turkish mission now in Paris have intimated that Turkey would immediately attack the Greek kingdom: and that would reopen the whole Near Eastern question at once. For this the Powers are unprepared; none of them could definitely support either of the belligerents, and they are still less able at present to face the European war which might be the eventual result. Were Greece to get Crete, she would go on to press her claims in Epirus, Servia would demand fresh compensation at the expense of Turkey, and the Turkish Government, already engaged in disciplining the Albanians, would have to fight two or more of the Balkan States in Macedonia, while sympathy would be divided in every country in Europe. It seems probable, therefore, that some solution will be devised for the Cretan problem which will involve the maintenance of the nominal Turkish suzerainty for the present, and "save the face" of the reformed Turkish Government. There remains the problem of Persia, which inspires some English Liberals with justifiable apprehensions, and in which Germany seems inclined to take a purely financial share. Of course, it is difficult, as it always has been, for the Russian Government to control its agents, or for the agents to give up their old theories as to the expansion of Russia towards the Indian Ocean and India. But British friendship during the next few

years will be worth a good deal more to Russia than the virtual annexation of a region whose economic future she already controls. It is to Great Britain, the ally of Japan and the friend of China, that she must look to smooth difficulties arising in her economic expansion in the Far East. She has every reason to wish to stand well with Great Britain; and the worst possible way to promote her domestic reforms and the peace of Europe and Asia is to play into the hands of her reactionaries, and estrange her moderate reformers by protesting in Parliament or in public meetings against the expected visit of the Tsar.

In the immediate future we see no urgent reason for alarm. The prospect a few years hence is less reassuring. At present all the great Powers, except ourselves, are either struggling with serious financial difficulties, or approaching them; and while Mr. Lloyd George's Budget would in a few years give us a more than adequate revenue, we do not yet know how much of it will pass into law. The new German proposals will hardly solve the German problem; France has to meet further heavy expenditure out of a national income which is slackening in its rate of increase; Austria is declared by the reporter of the Budget Committee of the Reichsrath to be in presence of a heavy deficit, and her debt charge is nearly £15 10s per head; Italy is spending her present and prospective surpluses in securing her North-Eastern frontier, and anticipating the efforts of her present ally and ancient enemy to secure pre-ponderance in the Adriatic. The "silent warfare" of which Lord Rosebery spoke at the Press Conference is all the more exhausting in that it is not intended to end in actual warfare. Its aim is, in the first place, to avert attack; in the next—at any rate, in the case of some of its promoters—to obtain commercial advantages and diplo-

matic support from other Governments by the menace of war. From any taint of this last intention Great Britain is happily free. Too little attention has been paid either abroad or at home to Sir Edward Grey's admirable summary of our foreign policy at the Conference—to keep what we have got, to consolidate and develop it, to quarrel with others as little as possible, and to uphold for the world at large those ideals which we value for ourselves. But on the exhausting conflict between the nations in preparation for warfare—which anticipates and annihilates any

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prospective economic advantage that war might bring—Sir Edward Grey endorsed Lord Rosebery's words. Happily there are counteracting influences in the peaceful intercourse of the various peoples, and in such formal exchanges of public hospitality as the visits of English Labor members and Ministers to Germany, and of German municipal authorities and members of the Russian Legislature to England. Moreover, even in military empires, the people, after all, ultimately count for more than their emperors.

VANDALISM IN PARIS.

One of the patent signs of Republican mediocrity in France is the steady indifference of the City Fathers to the amenities of Paris. History and tradition are cast to the winds before what is euphemistically termed "Progress." There is nothing sadder than the daily destruction of the beautiful and historic, which has been going on since Baron Haussmann took in hand, with an Early Victorian savagery, the rectangular "improvement" of Lutetia. (There is something ironical in the evocation of the old Roman name.) Everything has been done to minimize the ancient glory of the city of brilliant courts and kings. The pick of the demolisher shows a fiendish activity whenever it encounters some relic of past times. With a ruthless hand the Ediles have ruled straight paths through a tangled mass of streets where lie hidden, under gabled roofs and twisted chimneys, under gilded cornices and fantastic carven faces, the history and sentiment of five hundred years. The broad course of the new Boulevard Raspail, which pushes brusquely its modern way across the most interesting part of the

Pays Latin, has shown a Juggernaut faculty for pressing under foot old associations and archaeological documents. The most grievous example of municipal zeal in clearing is the "Abbaye aux Bois," a large rambling old house, full of beautiful oak carving, around which clustered memories of saintly women and memories, too, of the beautiful Madame Récamier, who was here a "pensionnaire" and received the homage of adoring wits and gallants. Pitiable is the story of the destruction of the Latin Quarter. Fire could not have worked more havoc of old-time buildings and hôtels.

If one crosses the Seine one's feeling of sadness at the vandalism of the modern Parisian increases. In that glorious area of the Cité contained between two arms of the river, where formerly were seventeen churches, today there remain only the "symphony in stone" of Notre Dame and the superb Sainte Chapelle, serving as the official temple to the Palais de Justice. In its queer and crooked streets history and romance lie asleep. In this quarter and the adjacent one of the Marais the visitor who is at once a

student and an artist may still encounter some splendid vestiges of mediæval and early modern times. But almost as bad as the destruction of these shrines of great figures in the national archives is the neglect into which many of the buildings have fallen. Villainous trade signs, decay and dirt and modern excrescences in the form of badly designed sheds and stables disfigure some of the most wonderful houses in a part of Paris associated with the literary genius of Mme. de Sévigné and, later, of Victor Hugo. If steps have been taken to turn aside the hand of the destroyer from the Place des Vosges, it is in recognition of the Republican sturdiness of Hugo and the Roundhead tone of "Les Châtiments." In this particular section of the town existed, until quite recently, the exquisite Hôtel du Prévôt, in the Passage Charlemagne. This building belonged to the fourteenth century, and was the official residence of the Councillors of Charles V. Afterwards the King bestowed it upon Provost Aubriot. It had beautiful turrets and an open stairway, and particularly fine windows overlooking a court. Under the shadow of Notre Dame workmen have just completed the destruction of the interesting old Hôtel-Dieu, or, at least, such parts of it as most eloquently speak to us of the past. Again, near the Sorbonne has disappeared another building consecrated to the service of the sick, the old Amphithéâtre de Médecine, with Gothic arches and curious circular theatre.

An unfortunate genius for obliterating the relics of former generations seems to possess the city architects whenever they have to apply an ancient building to modern purposes. Nor has the excavation necessary for the Métropolitain, or Underground, of Paris been accomplished without the loss of picturesque features. Public

transport, of course, is one of the most pressing problems of a great city; at the same time rapidity of transit is dearly bought when it involves the uprooting of past-time glories.

The student who wished to follow step by step the bloody progress of the Revolution in Paris through its bricks and mortar would have the greatest difficulty nowadays. As M. Georges Cain points out in his delightful "Vieux Coins de Paris," transformations of a surprising and apparently unnecessary sort have taken place in such a building as the Conciergerie, where the judges held their horrible deliberations and where the prisoners condemned to the guillotine walked and sat and thought and prayed. Identification of the ancient apartments is no longer possible. Oddly enough we have here to blame the Restoration for obliterating revolutionary landmarks. Nor would you find it easier to locate the sites of other Revolutionary tribunals. The same senseless spirit of change has been upon the builders and tinkerers of the city.

An article of more than usual weight in "La Revue" has accused the Third Republic of its patronage of the mediocre in Art. The writer points with scorn to the official salons, where the official painter, with his mechanical pictures of banquets and presentations, is honored at the expense of and, indeed, as a direct affront to real Art. The anonymous author might have completed his diatribe by inveighing against the contempt for the decency and amenities of life which allows the soiling of the streets and boulevards with the litter of a hundred thousand circulars. Years ago the City Fathers took a pride in the appearance of the city. None was allowed to cast a handbill upon its spotless pavements, to throw newspapers where he would, to cast anything that encumbered him into the gutter. A

fine would have followed such impropriety. To-day there is no active regulation of the sort. The untidy aspect of the Parisian thoroughfare shocks the eye of the Londoner. Even he lives under a régime more attentive to the details of the daily municipal toilet. From this it appears that

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the mediocrity in government, which finds its daily expression in strikes and the threats of State functionaries, extends to those smaller matters of the cleanliness and good order of the byways and highways of the capital. "Ex pede Herculem...."

A DOUBTFUL AFFAIR.

The factory hooter proclaimed to the world within its range the fact that six o'clock had arrived. Its deep-throated, stentorian buzz, stifling all other sounds, penetrated into the depths of distant engine-rooms, crept through the rumble of the grinding-mills, and echoed across the water from the heights beyond. Loose papers, held in the hands of the office clerks, responded to the vibration of the air by a faint "ticking," and the invoices on files rattled. Two miles away, in the town, when the wind was right, people set their watches by the swelling note, which at that distance became musical; while close at hand, amid the dust and clatter of the mills, the men of the day-shift heard it as a welcome signal of release.

The entrance of the boiler-room abutted on the narrow quay-side. From the opposite wharf, on the sunniest of days, it showed as a black, cavernous hole in the high, weathered wall, with two or three luminous specks gleaming in its remoter recesses. If the onlooker were sufficiently curious to stroll round the dock-head and enter, his eyes would require a minute or more to accustom themselves to the gloom, and then, in the dusky light of the nude, yellow gas-jets, he would distinguish the shadowy circles of four immense boilers frowning down on him like black, impassive faces, and he would notice that the air was sur-

feited with a certain ceaseless, sleepy hiss that carried with it a rather alarming sensation of power held in leash. Before he had time to note much more he would probably find that the blue eyes of Tom Burton were looking into his from a smeared but genial face; and Tom, if the stranger showed an enquiring turn of mind, would most likely give him a handful of cotton-waste and take him round.

Tom stood at the door, having closed his dampers to check the draught (for there was an hour's interval at six o'clock, and the chief snubbed you if he came round and found the steam roaring off), to watch a big coal-steamer coming in to the opposite quay. The strong rays of the summer sun painted a bronze-like sheen on her dark, curving side, and as she emerged from the golden haze of the harbor she took upon herself the airs and graces of a liner. At her not unshapely bows a lessening curl of foam made a speck of pure white; all the rest was color: blue of the harbor, gold of the sky, grays and greens and faint, fine purples of the middle distance, where several indeterminate shapes of vessels took their way along the buoyed channels. Yet with all this color the eyes were rested by regarding the scene, for not a single tint was intrusive or flamboyant; it resembled a delicate pastel drawing, and seemed as though everything had been softened by a curtain

of fine gauze. The boat slowed until her bows merely marked the apex of an advancing triangle of ripples, and the sinuous reflections of her masts, cordage, and thick, stained funnel became almost as steady as herself. Nearer and nearer she crept, swerving to a spin of her wheel till parallel with her berth, the blackest thing in the picture, except that uncommonly black hole where Tom leaned against a rusty waste-pipe and gazed at her. Already her men had removed the great tarpaulins from her hatches and uncovered the cranes; on the granite coping stood others, neither sailors nor landsmen, blue-Jerseyed, waiting for the flung ropes. These flew across, uncoiling in mid-air, and with shouts and hoarse orders were hauled in until the heavy, many-plied cable came dripping ashore. The weighty bights were carried along and made fast; a few feet farther glided the great tramp-steamer, then, with a surly backward swish of her screw, she came to rest.

A little waif, the kind of boy that haunts all waterside localities of large towns, had also watched the arrival from his post on the top of a pile of timber, and now, clambering down, came shambling aimlessly along the quay. His rough, light hair—he wore no cap—was fluttered about his eyes by the evening breeze; every now and then he brushed it back with a hasty movement of a dirty little hand. Clothes, in the sense which a well-to-do person assigns to that word, he had none; it would have puzzled a tailor to dissect or to name the conglomeration of shoddy material hanging round the poor little chap. His shoes gaped, and held together with string; his coat—since one must give it some designation—would most certainly never pass on to anyone else after he had discarded it, it almost settled the question by dropping to pieces; his trousers were a masterpiece of patchwork. Tom

Burton transferred his attention to the unkempt, grimy little mortal as it moved here and there in front of him, picking up stray bits of stick and rubbish, alert for other people's leavings. The boy was happy, it seemed, for he whistled as he wandered; brave blue eyes he owned, too; they shone finely when he faced the sunlight, although his cheeks were pinched.

From the deck of the tramp a stoker—come up for a breather before he started on donkey-engine duty, unloading—also watched the boy, contemplatively. Presently a banana shot over the intervening strip of water and skidded at the youngster's feet. He dodged after it and made short work of devouring it, peering across and laughing, the merry little imp, when he caught sight of the form that leaned carelessly over the rail of the steamer.

"Hungry, sonny?" called the stoker, his face wrinkling into a cheerful, encouraging grin.

"Yas," answered the boy, his eyes glistening.

"Catch, then!"

Over flew another ripe banana. The boy rushed forward to catch it, slipped and fell . . . there was a splash, and a shrill cry. There were two bigger splashes immediately after, and numberless whirls of grime and dirty bubbles, and dark, liquid lanes, marking where the two men had plunged in and the black mud of the bottom been disturbed.

Tom emerged first, then the stoker, and, treading water, they both looked round for the scrap of humanity at whose call, without a moment's conscious thought, they had taken the leap. Something was floating out helplessly past the end of the stone pier, turning slowly in circles with eddies of the receding tide. Both men swam for that pale, pitiful little gleam of yellow hair, and Tom, reaching the boy first, pushed him towards the slippery,

green-coated steps that led down to the water near the end of the jetty; the other man came up in time to help, and fortunately, for Tom, being portly, was a bit blown. Together they brought the boy to the boiler-house, and there were many encouraging shouts from those on board the steamer who had heard the splashes and crowded to the side.

Bedraggled and panting they were, but their burden looked half dead and very white. He had not been in the water more than a minute, perhaps, but his reserve of life-force was too evidently very scanty. His wet hair shone like clear gold in the deepening rays of the sun, and the water that trickled from his shapeless garments traced bright lines and formed little pools among the coal-dust that lay thickly over the cobbles of the quay. The men looked anxious as they laid him on a bench. Tom kicked open the furnace-doors of one of the boilers, and dragged the bench in front of it, wrapping a sack tenderly round the quiet form. The rich, strong glow of the huge fires beat straight on the boy, making his soaked odds-and-ends steam steadily, betraying, as the men went through the necessary movements to restore him, the pitiful thinness of his arms, the leanness of his poor body.

His face, which had shown a false ruddiness in that warm illumination, by and by was tinged with a shade of real color from within, and he opened his eyes. Just then there was a sound of running feet, and a woman, hard-faced, untidy, stood silhouetted in the doorway against the outside radiance.

"O, my Gawd!" she cried, seeing them bending over the listless form. "O, my Gawd! is he dead?" And she reeled to a heap of coal in the corner, sat there, plaining, repeating her exclamation, wringing her miserable hands. The two men took but little notice of her, striving to fan the tiny, flickering

life-flame into a steadier burning. Tom's tea-can had been placed in a corner of the furnace close to the door; in two minutes its contents were nearly boiling; the hot liquid revived the boy, and he came round quickly. . . .

Tom picked up the queer little shape in his strong, hairy arms, and turned to the woman.

"Now then, missis, you'd better take him home quick, an' keep him warm," he said, gruffly, for he did not like the look of her. "Wait a minute." He gave his burden to the other man, and picking up a dry sack, slashed with his pocket-knife a large hole through its bottom, holding it and turning it for a minute in front of the roaring fires. Then, slipping it deftly over the head of the boy, who looked on wonderingly, he pressed the warm, coarse folds comfortably round the dank, drowsy figure.

"Now, mum, can you carry him?"

Apparently she could not, for even as she stood waiting she swayed ominously, her eyes staring, her lips muttering unintelligible words. So the boy was set upon his feet, a quaint, sad little spectacle, to take the woman's hand. The two men stood at the doorway watching, comprehending dimly a tragedy of life that might be worse than the averted tragedy of death. She led him off. Her words came back to them thickly and indistinctly as she jerked him along by the wrist.

"Ah, you little devil, you—" The boy began to cry quietly.

Tom and the stoker of the tramp exchanged understanding glances, and stood for a while talking, frowning, following with their eyes the two who shuffled along in the sunshine. The snarling syllables gradually became unrecognizable as words.

A bell jangled in the boiler-house behind. Tom disappeared in the gloom to slice his fires, to open his dampers—for it was seven o'clock—and to change his steaming overalls; while his com-

panion, glancing thoughtfully at the red sails of a trawler that was running out on the freshening wind, lit a short, shabby pipe. Presently he turned, facing inwards, hands in pockets.

"Mate!"

"Hello!" answered Tom, pausing and looking up in the act of clearing out the

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clinkers, bathed in the fierce heat.

"Better 've let the kid drown, p'raps."

"Shouldn't wonder," shouted Tom, slicing away vigorously. The other, with a brief nod, sauntered round the edge of the silent dock-head back to his ship.

RELIGION AND CONDUCT.

The recent curious reminiscences of Mr. John D. Rockefeller has set some people asking a natural question. The great Trust millionaire, the Napoleonic financier, who was long the moving spirit and controlling brain of that remarkable concern the Standard Oil Company, is revealed in these pages in an unexpected light. He appears as a kindly, good-natured, and exceedingly religious person. His religion is his strong point, next to his domestic morals. He came of the old New England Puritan stock, and apparently he carried through life quite unchanged the rigorous principles of private ethics and the simple Calvinistic faith which he imbibed in the nursery and the schoolroom. In private indeed, he seems to be an amiable man, affectionate, simple in his tastes, temperate in his habits, extraordinarily generous, and unimpeachably upright. When one looks at Mr. John D. Rockefeller's picture of himself on his own estate, quietly amusing himself with golf and tree-planting, endowing churches, founding colleges, and helping the poor, one finds it a little difficult to turn to that other picture of the money-making machine which ploughed through American finance and industry with a ruthless unity of purpose, carrying ruin and devastation in its train. The man who in his country home could not pass a beggar without relieving his wants, in his of-

fice must have reduced many thousands to beggary without giving them a thought. Whatever may be urged in defence of the operations of the Standard Oil Company, no one can say that they worked in the spirit of Christian ethics, or that Mr. John D. Rockefeller himself acted up to the tenets of a creed which bade him take no thought for the morrow, and find his treasure in incorruptible things. Like many other successful business men in the United States, he apparently kept his commercial and private morality in watertight compartments, and it puzzles some observers to understand how he managed to perform the operation. In other words, how can a deeply religious man occupy himself during his hours of activity in a manner which is often irreligious and sometimes anti-religious?

The truth, perhaps, is that religious and ethical conceptions exercise less influence upon conduct than is commonly attributed to them. Life is not so much a science as an art, a matter of practice, temperament, knowledge, and training. Men have excelled in that art, as they have in others, with all religions and with none. In any practical operation—say the driving of a motor car or the command of an army—everyone must recognize that the practitioner's conception of the universe is of less importance than his skill and expertness in his business.

Even his character is of value chiefly in so far as it affects these qualities. Nobody would willingly employ a drunken chauffeur, because drunkenness would interfere with his steadiness of hand and quickness of judgment; but the man might be an atheist, a free-lover, or a gambler, and still a reasonably good chauffeur. On the other hand, he might be a saint or a philosopher, and a particularly bad one. Take the case of great military and naval leaders. Collingwood, with his lofty and intelligent devotional zeal was assuredly not a better sailor than Nelson, who was dominated by a rather confused amalgam of sentiment, caprice, sheer personal vanity, and idealistic patriotism. Was he, all things considered, a better man? Wellington's narrow Anglicanism certainly does not seem to have done much for a character in many respects unpleasant—harsh, illiberal, grasping, and coldly self-indulgent. But the Duke had the temperament and the intellect of the soldier, developed by much practice, and he became a very good general: not, however, so good a general as Napoleon, who believed in nothing except his own strength and the weakness of others. If we carry the survey from these special pursuits to the general art of living, the result is really the same. A man may have a very bad creed and be a very good father, husband, friend, or citizen; he may be lamentably defective in each of these capacities, in spite of a high ethical and religious ideal. This is because our social activities are very little dependent on theory, but are, in fact, controlled and conditioned by character and habit. The main principles of morality, though their application varies infinitely according to custom and convention, are common to most schools of thought. I am prepared to assert that the first man who passes me as I walk down the street

will be theoretically aware that he ought not to beat his wife, though he be a Calvinist, a Roman Catholic, a Swedenborgian, a Socialist, or a Tariff Reformer. Whether he does or will beat his wife I have not the slightest idea; nor would precise information upon his religious or political views help me to form an opinion. I should be better able to judge if you told me that he was addicted to alcohol, or that he had been brought up by a maiden aunt. Most of our difficulties in conduct are concerned with the choice between motives of nearly equal force or with the subordination of one set of emotions to another. And here an instinctive grasp of realities, rapidity of decision, the control of the lower appetites by the higher impulses, tact, temper, and firmness are of more avail than any synthesis of thought. After all, the chariot of life is driven, much as the motor car is driven, by knowledge of the machinery and adeptness in handling it. If you go into the bathroom and turn on the hot-water tap instead of the cold douche you will scald yourself, though you are as wise as Solomon and as virtuous as St. Francis.

What, then, is the true value of ethics and religion? Can man go through life without any synthesis at all? Surely not. Faith is needed not to make a man live better, but to make him feel better. And a theory of the universe is required not to direct his conduct, but to sanctify him in the successes and fortify him in the failures of action.

That is what one feels in reading Mr. Rockefeller's confessions. His remarkably successful and entirely absurd career has just missed being used as a text for sermons. If his mediocre talents and his exceptional luck had happened to have been displayed on a less conspicuous stage, we should have been freely invited to admire him. We

should have him exhibited as a shining example of that old-fashioned Biblical Christianity which has made America and Great Britain what they are. We might have books written about him by excellent persons like Mr. Samuel Smiles, holding him up for the instruction of the young, to show what can be done by industry, perseverance, and intense application, fortified by sound religion and austere morality. It would have been explained that he would not have become so great unless he had been so good. We have heard too much about Mr. Rockefeller to be able to say that about him. The millionaire-manufacturing process has been laid open too plainly to the world in his case; the Mammoth Trust is too big; we know too well what it has cost to make the fortunes of its "magnates." I do not think that even one of Mr. Rockefeller's own professors, in one of his own universities, would care to lecture on his patron from this standpoint.

I suppose many thousands or millions of people envy "John D.;" I do not imagine that even in the United States there are many who venture to admire him openly. With the best will in the world it is difficult to attribute his success to high abilities and hard work based on Christian ethics. We cannot say that, because he is clearly not very able, and he tells us himself that he was not particularly industrious or persevering. He went through the greater part of his active life comfortably and easily, taking plenty of holidays, enjoying himself blamelessly, and occupying himself in his business hours in scheming, financing, borrowing, intriguing, and organizing. He did very little work himself; he was clever and lucky enough to make other people work for him. He can seldom have put in as sound a day of steady labor as most of his own clerks. His

puritanical New England upbringing can neither be credited with his success in money-making nor with the means by which he made it. His real achievements as an organizer of distribution and economizer of production had no relation to the teaching he received in the chapel and the schoolroom; those other exploits which have made him famous stand equally apart from the religion in which he believes. The New Testament does not suggest that it is desirable to pile up riches by the methods and devices which the Oil Trust sometimes employed. There is no relation, so far as one can see, between Mr. Rockefeller's creed and his conduct in commercial life; and the fact that out of business hours he is affectionate, moral, and lavish in giving away his plunder makes the contradiction all the more striking.

It is clear that Mr. Rockefeller's practice of what he calls "the difficult art of getting," was not determined by his religion. He would have acted much the same as he did, and probably with much the same results, if he had not been a devoted member of his church. But he would not have felt nearly so comfortable; he would have lacked that inner glow which makes him a happy man in spite of his wealth, his weariness, his narrowness, his crudity. He would not have found consolation in the thought that the world which has made John D. Rockefeller its richest inhabitant, is divinely ordered. He would not have been so sure of his own righteousness, or so callous to the sufferings of his victims. He would not have been able to decree the massacre of his enemies in much the same spirit as that which inspired Godfrey of Bouillon, or a sergeant of Cromwell's Ironsides, or Gustavus Adolphus, or any other entirely devout destroyer. Like them he had faith, which not only casts out fear, but gives its possessor power to sus-

tain all kinds of shocks and buffets, including those of his own conscience. The Protestant religion (New England version) did not make Mr. Rockefeller a successful man, it did not make him, in any true sense of the word, a good man; but it seems to have given him that peace which the world cannot bring, and fortified him, not merely against the obloquy of his fellow-men, but also against dissatisfaction with himself. He is calm, contented,

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kindly, tranquil in mind and soul, at ease in his relation towards the Universe and the general scheme of things. But his success as a man of action does not spring from this source. It is due to his expertness in a difficult art—the art of financial adventure—in which he would probably have failed if he had not kept it sternly apart from his religious ideas and ideals.

Sidney Low.

MEETING AGAIN.

To meet again with our friends after an interval of years may well be the greatest of all joys, but to meet again with our friendly acquaintance from whom we have been long divided by circumstances is by no means always a great pleasure. The thought of the reunion is fraught, no doubt, with a certain sensation of excitement. We cannot bring ourselves to refuse the opportunity, yet how seldom we entirely enjoy it. There are, of course, a few men and women in whose personality time makes no change. They alter in nothing but appearance. They have from youth to age the same manners, the same interests, the same sympathies, the same friends. Their environment may change to any extent. They may go from Piccadilly to the desert, or from Clapham to the backwoods; they come back "just the same." They may begin behind a shop and end in the front of the world. They may marry, they may grow rich, they may prosper or fail. The first thing to be said of them by every fellow-creature who sits in judgment upon them is that they are "just the same." They are as they were born, and they take it for granted that every one else is also. They are strong people never carried away by their experience, and they

have a strange power of annihilating time for others, and bringing them back, as we say, "to their old selves." They may or may not have very quick sympathies; they have always very strong affections. Nevertheless it is sometimes a qualified pleasure to see them again. Some of us do not want to be reminded of our old selves, and come away with an uncomfortable feeling that we have renewed acquaintance with one person more than we bargained for.

But such people are exceptional, and belong to a strongly marked type. The majority change with the years inwardly as well as outwardly, perhaps inwardly even more than outwardly. We may have no difficulty in recognizing them at first sight, and yet after a quarter of an hour's talk we may feel quite unable to realize their identity. They may even give us a strange sensation, as if we could doubt our own. They have developed in an opposite direction to that which we expected; or is it we who have changed? The years between youth and middle age are the most eventful years of life, and those in which long separations most commonly occur. During the time that elapses between a parting and a meeting again we very often follow, as it

were subconsciously, the career of our acquaintance. Every time we are reminded of them we instinctively form a mental picture of what they have become,—a picture by no means always corrected by what we hear casually of the actual facts. John Smith was a conceited fellow, we say to ourselves. Though we liked him, he has probably made a good many enemies by now; his self-confidence must have stood in his way. He was ambitious too; probably he has become rather embittered. Then chance throws us once more across his path. He is a grave man, self-confident, successful, and with troops of friends. No doubt the boy we knew is still there somewhere, but we cannot find him, and we feel confused. Then perhaps there was a man we lost sight of for a time on whom we looked down a little. He also was one whom we liked; we had a pleasing little feeling that he looked up to us. It was natural, we felt; our chances were better than his. No doubt he envied them. We perhaps often thought of him during the interval, always with feelings of kindness. Possibly we heard vaguely that he had "got on" but the news made no permanent difference to the development of our mental picture. We still looked downwards to see him with our mind's eye. At last chance throws us across his path again. We did not understand that he had passed us on the world's stairs, and we are inwardly astonished to find him a man of far more account than ourselves, and we realize with a smile that is not altogether without bitterness that he must remember our old relations with something of amusement. Was it really we to whom he used to defer? We cannot take up the old rôle. Yet we cannot take up any other. On the whole, we wish we had never seen him again. Or the positions are reversed. We realize our success with a sudden sharp thrill of pleasure which

comes unbidden and comes of contrast, followed most likely by a horrid sense of remorse. What brutes we are, we say to ourselves, and how vulgar-minded! We wish we had not met and indulged in such an unworthy sensation. It will bring us ill-luck; we feel sure it will.

Between women the sudden resumption of intimacy with a person who has been long away is even more embarrassing than among men. A familiarity which has ceased to be habitual is irksome, and the gradations of intimacy are more marked. Also a woman's career is—or she always thinks it is—more a matter of chance than that of a man, and she is still more the creature of environment. She must be a very good woman if she never rebels against fate when she suddenly sees again some one who has realized so many more than she has done of the hopes once common to both, and she must be very just minded if she never vents a disappointment, which should rightly be an abstract feeling, upon some particular person. On the other hand, if the prosperous person is not sorry for her less prosperous friend, she is far more hard-hearted than the average woman; but feelings of pity and of envy, however soon dismissed, are bad omens for the renewal of friendship.

But suppose all these petty factors to be out of the question, and that two people meet again who are by nature really good and generous, or who still stand about equal so far as luck and the world are concerned, who have run the race apart, no doubt, but abreast. It is still very difficult to knit up a friendship severed by time. For one thing, the first meeting, which should relay the foundation, often leaves a gloomy impression upon the minds of the people concerned. There is no disguising the fact that it is sad to look back. We are apt to come away from

such a meeting possessed by the recollection of—

The eyes that shone now dimmed and gone,

The cheerful hearts now broken.

Even merry memories sometimes assume a false air of pathos.

Again, we have to consider the fact that in no perception do people differ more completely than in the perception of time. Long and short sight forms but a poor analogy for long and short memory. The sense of proportion where the past is concerned seems sometimes not to be the same in any given pair of people. One man may be hardly able to recall an incident which seems to his past friend to be the key to his character. Some men and women live to be old, as it were, in possession of a perfect picture of their whole lives. For many others nothing but the foreground is clear, and out of the haze stand certain events in wholly undue prominence. These persons who cannot see behind them seldom know their own defects. They talk of what is there with misplaced confidence, and confuse the interlocutor who sees a different scene. In real truth they have no past in common, and that though they spent it together. Again, there are a few naturally uncandid persons who are not otherwise bad. They have been forced by circumstances, or even by con-

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science, to take a fairly accurate view of what goes on around them. They control their sentimentality, or their melancholy, or their excessive egoism and sense of their own importance while it is called to-day. But once take them into the region of memory and they give full rein to their inclinations. The past becomes a fancy world known to none but themselves.

Of course we do not mean any of the above reflections to apply to love. Love in all its many forms is not subject to destruction by time. Indian parents and children after years of separation not seldom renew the tenderest relations. The tie of blood is independent of common recollections, and the spirit of criticism engendered by absence may make for as well as against a good understanding. A long engagement generally turns out better if the pair are parted; but here again love has nothing to do with a common past. As to those few and true friendships upon which absence has no effect, they depend for the most part upon common interests, interests which are impersonal, and very often abstract. But it may be said: You are limiting true friendship to persons of intellectual interests. To say that would be, no doubt, to make too sweeping a statement. Absence-proof friendships do exist which are founded on nothing but an indefinable affinity of soul, but they are rare.

BOOKS AND AUTHORS.

Henry Eighth in his youth is scarcely more agreeable than in that doubtfully married era of his life most familiar to the reader of history made to sell, and Mr. Joseph Hocking bestows no added gifts and graces upon him in his latest novel, "The Sword of the Lord." Henry, from a mixture of motives all

having root in his overruling selfishness, desires that a certain English heiress shall be brought from Germany to England, and sends the hero to escort her thither, leaving the means to his discretion, giving him no credentials, and forbidding him to mention the royal name. Having little to lose,

the hero accepts the conditions, and having a long score to settle with English monks and priests, he naturally gravitates towards Luther when he finds himself in his neighborhood, and thenceforward the story is Luther's plus some fighting with English rivals and German Catholic noblemen, and glimpses of Ulrich von Hutten. Dr. Martin befriends Lady Elfrida in every way possible to one who carries no sword, and the hero and heroine leave him safe at Wartburg and go to England to find Henry much better than his word, and so the tale ends well. It is a good love tale and its historical part is well-managed and uncommonly free from the bitterness to be expected in a story of the Reformer. E. P. Dutton & Co.

Miss Eva Lathbury's "The Long Gallery," superficially, is the English family romance in which mother and daughter pursue the possible wealthy husband, not altogether willingly, not quite shamelessly, but in obedience to the instinct of self-preservation, the daughter almost invariably atoning for her sin against love by falling into utter misery, the mother often discovering that she has overreached herself and made herself the permanent prey of remorse. In reality the book is a subtle study of varied selfishness, as seen in the lives of four married pairs, and one unmated baleful figure, abandoned to unchecked self-worship. One girl desperately separates the man whose fortune she desires and the girl to whom he is beginning to turn, and flings her to a richer husband, from whom she is easily won by a man who also deceives the schemer, and almost succeeds in making a chaos of her life and her husband's. This villain is no simple Don Juan, but the perfect flower of that spurious aestheticism, that parasite of the wholesome Ruskin-Morris movement, which for a time bade fair to

strangle it, but was itself blighted and withered by the frost of Gilbert's jest and Du Maurier's art. Less obvious, and far more artistic than the portrait sketch of Wilde introduced by Mr. Hichens in "The Green Carnation," he presents the natural development of Wilde's philosophy, cruel, repellent and disgusting, but always intent upon elegance. With such a group of personages and such incidents, the book would be unbearably painful, were it not that both girls have been educated by good teachers who have so trained their minds and hearts that they are able to break the meshes entangling them, and to save their souls alive. It must be owned that they discourse at enormous length and that their husbands are unnaturally tolerant of their eloquence, but the fault is easily tolerated inasmuch as they have something to say. "The Long Gallery" is equally remarkable in its English and in its personages. Henry Holt & Co.

The world belongs to him who will convince it of his perfect stupidity, but although everybody knows it, nobody remembers it until the gross of green spectacles are in his pocket, until he has invested his last penny in the dearly bought whistle; until the swamp-lots of Eden are his to settle at will, and the professed stupid person is o'er the border and awa'. The hero of Mr. Edward A. Balmer's "Waylaid by Wireless" was no wiser than the rest of the world, but possibly he was more excusable because in his case the stupidity exhibited for his undoing was of that English variety in which the reader of American comic newspapers and international novels devoutly believes as generic. Therefore did this young American allow himself to be played with every grace of the gentle art of angling, reckoning each new cast and fly as a national trait, and obligingly doing the angler's will,

esteeming himself an acute reader of character all the while, yet he was by no means a dull fellow. On the contrary, both he and the heroine are acute in their reasoning, discreet and able, and guilty of nothing more foolish than excessive trust in accepted generalities, and upon the whole they are as interesting a pair of modern lovers as American fiction has furnished for many a day. The author's management of wireless, the machinery of his story, is excellent, and, although actual occurrences have verified some of his theories as to its possibilities, very slight acquaintance with the exigencies of writing, making and publishing a book will show that he owes nothing to the recent notorious cases of its employment, but was himself the architect of his hero's varied fortunes. The story should be in the library of all passenger steamships plying between English and American ports, that passengers may be warned of the dangers besetting him who ventures into the lair of the British police, and it is good enough to console the home keeping youth for the homeliness of wit arising from persistent or enforced sojourn in his native land. Small, Maynard & Co.

This being a world in which prejudices and baseless traditions outlive enduring brass, it is not strange that one is surprised to find "The Bancrofts" the most charitable volume of reminiscences published by any one belonging to the same generation as Sir Squire and Lady Bancroft. One expects a volume of theatrical memoirs to abound, if not in actual scandal, at least in passages in which the author's contemporaries will appear at some disadvantage, while the authors themselves, perfect in make up, the limelight becomingly disposed, the supernumeraries and minor personages in the dim background,

smile with unearthly sweetness from the centre of the stage. The Bancrofts do not fulfil this anticipation. They tell their story, now one and now the other speaking, frankly, gently and sweetly relating their experience. They may have heard of hearts unkind, but they make no sign of having met them. Possibly this description may suggest insipidity not only to the disciples of Wilde and Mr. Shaw and their like, but also to those who still practice the habit of sneering at the players, but in truth, there is nothing so free from insipidity as charity. The charm of its strangeness never fails, and to those readers to whom Marie Wilton has hitherto been only a lovely name encountered in the literary and dramatic memoirs of her time she will henceforth be as a friend to be sought again and again in her pleasant pages. There is scarcely any contemporary English person of any prominence whom either one or the other of the two authors did not encounter while in active life, and in the later chapters they include many kind letters sent to them on various occasions; but the story of their picturesque youth and energetic prime is naturally more interesting, as it is practically the history of the best English comedy of their day. They never stooped to conquer, but, no matter what prosperity might attend evil or evil suggestion at other theatres kept their own free from any and all stains, and, as it ought not to be necessary to say, do not boast of their abstinence, but mention it in the simplest fashion as a matter of history. The forty illustrations, chiefly portraits of actors and dramatists, include a few interiors, and are carefully chosen photogravures and good duogravures and the index seems very good, but this last point can be really tested only by those repeated readings which the volume will certainly have from all its possessors. E. P. Dutton & Co.